The Saturday Evening Post.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

WOMAN.

Woman! thou best and purest gift to Man,
Form'd by the Eternal from celestial mould,
Thou wert angelic ere our race began,
And dwelt obedient in the heavenly fold;
At his behest, thy native pity felt,
The weakness of creation's boasted lord,
And left the skies, to ease his load of guilt,
And share the wretchedness that on him pour'd.

Thy love, thy guileless love, was given to bless,
And wind its balm into his rugged soul,
In all the majesty of loveliness,
Thou canst alone, his will and wish, controul;
Thy kindliest office is to soothe the heart,
To heal with the soft magic of thy eye,
Thy innocence and truth to thee impart,
An angel's smile, in scenes of misery.

Thy piety is pure as heaven's own flame,
And in true fervour soars unto the skies;
While selfish man pursues the bubble fame,
Unknown, thy charitable deeds arise;
Devotion ever found an advocate,
From mean hypocrisy and cavil free,
Humanity is in thy breast innate,
And owes its benefits alone to thee.

Dare we aspire beyond so bright a boon
Which heaven has granted for our solace here,
Or seek for fame that vanishes so soon,
And quickly leaves our expectations drear,
When woman's smile repays each anxious thought,
And turns to joy, the bitter cup of woe;
An angel with eternal goodness fraught,
Who came to cheer man's gloomy lot below.

ORASMYN.

LINES.

How sweet to muse on years gone by,
On youthful days,
When every scene uncloaded lie,
Before the young and ardent eye,
And fed its strict admiring gaze.

When sadness never o'er the heart,
Had spread its wings,
Nor Envy's rank envenom'd dart,
Had there infix'd a galling smart,
And made it swell in murmurings.

A ray of joy will gleam awhile,
When such a thought
Expands the breast; and then we smile
As sports and pleasures infantile
Before the harassed mind are brought.

We feel as tho' we were again
Both young and gay,
And for awhile forget our pain,
When Fancy heedless of the rein,
Recalls each pleasant, happy day.

CIREX.

THE BRIDE.

I saw her on the bridal day,
In blushing beauty blest,
Smiles o'er her lips were seen to play,
Like gilded gleams at dawn of day,
The fairest of the guest;
Her cherry cheek and azure eye,
Rival'd the rose-bud and the sky;
Her undulating ringlets roll'd,
O'er beds of snow like waves of gold;
And now a sigh broke from her breast,
Like billows rise and roll to rest;
And now a tear stole from her eye,
And mingled with her softer sigh;
Now wish'd it not, now wish'd it here,
And blush'd to think the hour so near;
Then silent sat and nothing said,
In noble negligence array'd.

I saw her to the altar led,
But ah, no lover came,
From blasted beauty far he fled,
And strew'd with thorns the rosy bed—
The bridal night was shame.
The blush that ting'd her beauteous face,
The smile that shed the shadowy grace,
The rosy cheek and radiant eye,
That rival'd roses and the sky,
Have perish'd; and those golden gleams,
But serv'd to haunt the maniac's dreams;
Those undulating locks that roll'd,
O'er breasts of snow like waving gold,
Have wildly floated on the wind,
In triumph o'er a maiden's mind;
The crystal cascade of her tears,
Has coil'd to rest with sighs and fears;
Those ruby lips of ripening hue,
Have breath'd the sing'ring last adieu;
And now she sleeps in yonder grave,
Where softly steals the winning wave.

MILFORD BARD.

THE VISION.

The sun had sunk, and night darkened the sky,
And the moon, she shone bright from her place on high,
All nature in silence was hushed,
As I stood on the bank of a stream which flows
Through a city—sleep came; I thought to repose,
And I laid me down on the bank of the rill,
And nought could I hear, for all nature was still
But the stream, as onward it rushed.

While here I lay gentle sleep closed my eyes,
And I dreamt that a youth appeared from the skies,
And he lit on the ground before me,
With a quiver of arrows slung on his back,
He seemed to be walking a new made track,
But he was stopped short, and from his shoulder
He took an arrow, no mortal looked bolder,
Which he plac'd in his bow expertly.

Now the fatal string with a firm hand he drew,
And the arrow sped, for the archer was true,
Which hit and so pierced through my heart;
He soon drew another and placed in his bow,
And to which he gave a more dexterous throw;
It hit a maid whom I had not seen till then,
As she tripp'd away o'er her favourite glen,
And she sigh'd as she look'd on the dart.

I mark'd her fair form and her still fairer face,
Till her form was lost in the distance of space,
I turned to the youth but he had gone,
And had just left the earth on which he had trod,
But I saw on his back he was "Love's own God;"
I laugh'd and awoke, I arose from my "bed,"
And I looked around but the vision had fled,
And the light in the east show'd 'twas morn.

PROPERTIUS.

MAXIMS TO MARRY BY.

Addressed to single gentlemen.

A late number of Blackwood's Magazine, contains a light and amusing article under the above title. We have not room for all the maxims which the writer addresses to the single gentlemen on the all-important subject of marriage, but we have extracted a few of them for the edification of our readers.

Now, in making marriage, as in making love—and indeed in making most other things—the beginning of it is the great difficulty.—But the French proverb about beginnings—"C'est le premier pas qui *coute*"—goes more literally to the arrangement of marriage, as our English well illustrates the condition of love.—"The first step over, the rest easy." Because in the marrying affair, it is particularly the "first step" that "costs"—and to your cost you will find it if that step happens to go the wrong way. And most men, when they go about the business of wedlock, owing to some strange delusion, begin the affair at the wrong end. They take a fancy to the white arms—(sometimes only to the kid gloves)—or to the neat foot of a peculiar school girl; and conclude from these premises, that she is just the very woman in the world to scold a houseful of servants, and to bring up a dozen children!—this is a convenient deduction, but not always a safe one.

White arms, and neat feet, bring me, naturally, at once, to the very important consideration of beauty. For, don't suppose because I caution you against all day-dishabilles, that I want to fix you with a worthy creature, whom it will make you extremely ill every time you look at. For the style of attraction, please yourselves, my friends. I should say a handsome figure—if you don't get both advantages—is better than a merely pretty face. Good eyes are a point never to be overlooked. Fine teeth—full, well proportioned limbs—don't cast these away for a single touch of the small pox; a mouth something too wide; or dimples rather deeper on one side than the other.

It may, at some time, be a matter of consideration, whether you shall marry a maid or a widow. As to the taste, I myself will give no opinion—I like both; and there are advantages and disadvantages peculiar to either. If you marry a widow, I think it should be one whom you have known in the lifetime of her husband; because, then—*ab actu ad posse*—from the sufferings of the defunct, you may form some notion of what your own will be. If her husband is dead before you see her, you had better be off at once; because she knows (the jade!) what you will like, though she never means to do it; and, depend upon it, if you have only one inch of *penchant*, and trust yourself to look at her three times, you are tickled to a certainty. Marrying girls is a nice matter always; for they are as cautious as crows plundering a corn-field. You may "stalk" for a week, and never get near them unperceived. You hear them romping, as you go up stairs, into the drawing-room, louder than thunder; but it stops—as if by magic! the moment a (marriageable) man puts his ear to the key hole. I don't myself, I profess, upon principle, see any objection to marrying a widow. If she upbraids you at any time with the virtues of her former husband, you only reply—that you wish he had her with him, with all your soul.

In widow wiving, it may be a question whether you should marry the widow of an honest man, or a rascal. Against the danger, that the last may have learned ill tricks, they set the advantage—she will be more sensible (from the contrast) to the kindness of a gentleman and a man of honour. I think you should marry the honest man's widow; because, with women, habit is always stronger than reason.

But the greatest point, perhaps, to be aimed at in marrying, is to know, before marriage, what it is that you have to deal with. You are quite sure to know this, fast enough, afterwards. Be sure, therefore that you commence the necessary prequisitions before you have made up your mind, and not as people generally do, after. Remember there is no use in watching a woman that you love; because she can't do any thing—do what she will—that will be disagreeable to you. And still less, in examining a woman that loves you; because, for the time, she will be quite sure not to do any thing that ought to be disagreeable to you. I have known a hundred perfect tigresses playful as kittens, quite more obliging than need be under such circumstances. It is not a bad way—maid or widow—when you find yourself fancying a woman, to make her believe that you have aversion to her. If she has any concealed good qualities, they are pretty sure to come out upon such an occasion.

In judging where to look for a wife—that is, for the lady who is to form the "raw material" of one—very great caution is necessary. And you can't take any thing better with you, in looking about as a general principle, than that good mothers commonly make tolerably good daughters. Of course, therefore, you won't go, of consideration prepense, into any house where parents are badly connected, or have been badly conducted. Nor, upon any account at all, into any house where you don't quite feel, that if you don't conduct yourself properly, you'll immediately be kicked out of it. This assurance may be troublesome while you are only a visitor; but, when you come to be one of the family, you'll find it mighty convenient. If you can find any place where vice and folly have been used to be called by their right names, stick to that by all means—there are seldom more than two such in a parish; and if you see any common rascal let into a house where you visit as readily as yourself, go out of it immediately.

Be sure, wherever you choose, choose a proud woman. All honesty is a kind of pride; or at least three-fourths of it. No people do wrong, but in spite of themselves they feel a certain quantity of descent and self-degradation; the more a woman has to forfeit, the less likely she is to forfeit any thing at all. Take the pride, although you have the virtue; the more indorsements you get, even on a good bill, the better.

Don't marry any woman under twenty—She is not come to her wickedness before that time. Nor any woman that has a red nose at any age; because people make observations as you go along the street. A "cast of the eye,"—as the lady casts it upon you—may pass muster under some circumstances—and I have even known those who thought it desirable; but absolute squinting is a monopoly of vision which ought not to be tolerated.

Talking of "vision," reminds me of an absurd saying—That such or such a one can "see as far through a mill-stone as those that picked it." I don't believe that any man ever saw through a mill-stone but Jeremy Bentham; and he looked through the hole.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TO PETER SINGLE.

Permit me, kind or cruel Sir, which ever epithet may suit your disposition, to advise you for the sake of the unmarried, to select out scenes of domestic happiness and paint them in a gaud calculated to interest the young—by these means you will do more good—and receive more thanks from those who at present sign themselves

A FEMALE CLUB.

P. S. The Club was instituted in the year of 1824, for the purpose of ascertaining the majority or minority of the happiness or unhappiness of our married friends—in pursuit of this laudable purpose we have selected many scenes of a domestic nature, which we will hand over to you, if your dictatorship will undertake the task, and quit abusing that state, to which we all look with the most anxious enquiry.

THE MORALIST.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

On the Present and Future State.

ESSAY II.

"There is yet ANOTHER consideration, and this of no small moment, which marks an essential difference between the present life and the future on the score of happiness, and that is the STATE OF SOCIETY OR OF SOCIAL INTERCOURSE."

For that this state contributes much either to the increase or diminution of our joys, is a truth which every one must allow, who has lived long enough in the present world to see that he cannot command his associates, and that he is frequently therefore compelled to hold intercourse with those, whose spheres of life clash with his own, and thus disturb his peace. Besides, the very circumstance of living in a world, where, to say the least of it, the light of truth is so frequently darkened by error, and the life of purity defiled by transgression, is of itself a sad counterpoise to the bliss of a sincere Christian, who takes his chief delight in observing the prevalence of evangelical life and principles amongst his fellow men.

But how delightfully will this state of things be changed in that world, in which we are taught to believe that every one IS GATHERED TO HIS PEOPLE! (see Gen. xxv. 8, 17; chap. xlix. 29, 33;) in other words, where all are associated to THEIR LIKE, or to those who are of similar dispositions, qualities, and characters with themselves. The *Great Redeemer* therefore speaks of the MANY MANSIONS IN HIS FATHER'S HOUSE, (John xiv. 2,) to instruct us that in the heavenly kingdom there is an indefinite variety of good, and that every inhabitant enjoys association with those who are principled in good affections harmonizing with his own.

But what human tongue or pen is able to describe the full and complete bliss, which must of necessity result to the sincere Christian from a separation and discrimination which is thus to place him forever in the society of those he most loves, and of those also, from whose examples, precepts, and intercourse, he may hope to be continually making advances in wisdom, purity and happiness?

THE PRESENT STATE of life manifestly is, and was intended to be, A STATE OF TRIAL, which state is to determine whether we are to live hereafter as blessed angels in the kingdom of our Heavenly Father, or as miserable beings, forever banished from the realms of light and peace.

It is generally asked WHY the present life is a state of trial, and in WHAT the trial is grounded?—It may be sufficient (in THIS Essay) to reply, that the present life is a state of trial, because it is the time appointed by the divine providence of the *Most High* for fixing the determination of our free will, thus for deciding on the directing of our ruling love, that so it may be [illegible] what are the chief objects of our regard, God or ourselves. Thus every man here below is under the absolute necessity of living in a state of combat either against HEAVEN, or against HELL (i.e. against his own selfhood and lust, which is hell;) because the former is at all times striving to impart to him its own blessed life and light of purity and truth, whilst the latter is at work to plunge him into all its own miserable abominations and delusions.

Adored however be the *Father of Mercies*, who hath ordained that trial and combat are comparatively of short duration, and are then to be succeeded by endless rest and peace! (O! think of this, ye mourning, tempted Christians!) For such is the decisive testimony of *His Most Holy Word*, which accordingly announces to the sincere Christian, that THEY WHO SOW IN TEARS, SHALL REAP IN JOY: AND that HE THAT GOETH FORTH AND WEEPETH, BEARING PRECIOUS SEED, SHALL DOUBTLESS COME AGAIN WITH REJOICING, BRINGING HIS SHEAVES WITH HIM (Psalm cxxvi. 5, 6.) Whatsoever then may be the dangers, the difficulties, the perplexities and the sorrows, with which we are beset, annoyed and alarmed in the present world, they are only preparatory and introductory to a new state of things in the eternal world, where THERE SHALL BE NO MORE DEATH, NEITHER SORROW NOR CRYING, NEITHER SHALL THERE BE ANY MORE PAIN; FOR THE FORMER THINGS ARE PASSED AWAY. (Rev. xxi. 4.) Danger is thus to give place to security; difficulty to facility; perplexity to clearness of apprehension; sorrow and suffering, to joy and gratification, whilst every principle opposed to our salvation is constrained to bow down to and confess a Divine Power superior to itself, and ever converting it into an instrument of our bliss.

In my next I shall endeavour to answer the important question which is so often asked. "How shall we think ABOVE matter, &c. &c."

Y******.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Methought I was seated amongst the ruins of Palmyra; the cool night air of the desert played softly o'er its surface; the stars glittered like diamonds in the spotless firmament, and the pale moon just rising, shed her silver light on columns and pillars, the only remains of a once powerful city. A raven perched upon a cluster of date trees, (the only ones that had found root in a spot where the hand of God had scattered desolation,) seemed by his mournful notes, to lament over the dreary waste; save his wild notes, there was naught to disturb the quiet of a place once resounding with the busy hum of almost countless multitudes. The scene before me filled my mind with solemn awe; the spirit of melancholy descended upon me, and while meditating upon the fall of empires, the desolation of kingdoms, and the ruin of all that once was great, this enquiry suggested itself to my mind; Why has God permitted these things to be? And I was ready to call in question his infinite goodness and mercy. He has created man, (said I,) the noblest of all his works; given him power upon earth, to subjugate to his will, all other animals; reasoning faculties to enable him to search into the secrets of nature, to choose good, and avoid evil; yet has allowed him to perish, as the beast of the field, his name and his works to pass away as the summer cloud, or the sparkling drop of morning that hangs upon the alike perishable leaf. Ere I had proceeded further in my reverie, I was aroused by a dazzling light that burst upon me like a flashing meteor. I looked up and beheld before me an immortal being—prostrating myself before him, I tremblingly awaited his pleasure. Arise, vain mortal, (said he,) that callest in question the wisdom of the Almighty; cast thine eyes around thee, and tell me what thou see'st. I obeyed him, and to my astonishment I beheld, (in place of sandy deserts and mouldering ruins,) smiling plains, meandering streams, and a great and populous city; I turned to him and said, tell me, O, immortal spirit, why thou hast shewn these wonders to me, or what instruction I am to gain from them. Look again, and thou shalt learn—I looked, and beheld man destroying his fellow being; the spirit of murder, rapine, and plunder, stalked forth from the temples, originally devoted to the worship of God, the heavy hand of the tyrant oppressing the weak and innocent; and when these had gone, others succeeding committed crimes even worse than those that had gone before them. Nature then resumed her former dark and dreary aspect, and the genius thus spoke: for these iniquities has the Almighty desolated the works of man—for these has he swept with the destroying simoon, the smiling meads and the bubbling fountains—learn from henceforth not to attempt to arraign his power, his goodness and his mercy; but follow the intimations, of that secret monitor, which he has placed in thy bosom. Go seek again the habitations of man, practice the lesson which thou hast been taught, by being permitted to behold what thou hast. Saying thus, he vanished. I started from my slumbers. The vision had fled, but the impression made upon my mind has never been eradicated. In all the trials through which I have passed since then, I have never been tempted to call in question the wisdom of him who created the heavens and the earth; but have looked forward with the hope of sometime possessing that happiness, which he has promised to all those that follow his holy laws.

MENCIUS.

THE NATURAL BRIDGE,

OR A SCENE IN VIRGINIA.

On a lovely morning towards the close of spring, I found myself in a very beautiful part of the Great Valley of Virginia. Spurred onward by impatience, I beheld the sun rising in splendor, and changing the blue tints on the tops of the lofty Alleghany mountains into streams of the purest gold, and nature seemed to smile in the freshness of beauty. A ride of about fifteen miles and a pleasant woodland ramble of about two, brought myself and companion to the great *Natural Bridge*.

Although I had been anxiously looking forward to this time, and my mind had been considerably excited by expectation, yet I was not altogether prepared for the visit. This great work of nature is considered by many as the second great curiosity of our country, Niagara Falls being the first. I do not expect to convey a very correct idea of this bridge, for no description can do this.

The Natural Bridge is entirely the work of God. It is of solid limestone, and connects two huge mountains together by a most beautiful arch, over which there is a great wagon road. Its length from one mountain to the other is nearly 80 feet, its width about 55, its thickness about 45, and its perpendicular height over the water is not far from two hundred and twenty feet. A few bushes grow on its top, by which the traveller may hold himself as he looks over. On each side of the stream, and near the bridge, are rocks projecting ten or fifteen feet over the water, and from two hundred to three hundred feet from its surface, all of limestone. The visiter cannot give so good a description of this bridge as he can of his feelings at the time. He softly creeps out on a shaggy, projecting rock, and looking down a chasm of from forty to sixty feet wide, he sees, nearly three hundred feet below, a wild stream dashing against the rocks beneath, as if terrified at the rocks above. The stream is called Cedar Creek. The visiter here sees trees under the arch, whose height is seventy feet, and yet to look down upon them, they appear like small bushes of perhaps two or three feet in height. I saw several birds fly under the arch and they looked like insects. I threw down a stone, and counted thirty-four before it reached the water. All hear of heights, but they here *see* what is high, and they tremble, and *feel* it to be deep. The awful rocks present their everlasting abutments, the water murmurs and foams far below, and the two mountains rear their proud heads on each side, separated by a channel of sublimity. Those who view the sun, the moon, and the stars, and allow that none but *God* could make them, will here be impressed, that none but an *Almighty God* could build a bridge like this.

The view of the bridge from below, is pleasing as the top is awful. The arch from beneath would seem to be about two feet in thickness. Some idea of the distance, from the top to the bottom, may be formed, from the fact, that when I stood on the bridge, and my companion beneath, neither of us could speak with sufficient loudness to be heard by the other. A man from either view does not appear more than four or five inches in height.

As we stood under the beautiful arch, we saw the place where visiters have often taken the pains to engrave their names upon the rock. Here Washington climbed up twenty five feet, and carved his own name, where it still remains. Some wishing to immortalize their names, have engraved them deep and large, while others have tried to climb up and insert them high in the book of fame.

A few years since, a young man being ambitious to place his name above all others, came very near loosing his life in the attempt. After much fatigue, he climbed up as high as possible, but found the person that had before occupied his place was taller than himself, and consequently had placed his name above his reach. But he was not thus to be discouraged. He opened a large jack-knife, and in the soft lime-stone, began to cut places for his hands and feet. With much patience and difficulty he worked his way upwards, and succeeded in carving his name higher than the most ambitious had done before him. He could but triumph, yet his triumph was short, for he was placed in such a situation that it was impossible to descend, unless he fell upon ragged rocks beneath him. There was no house near from which his companions could get assistance. He could not remain in that condition, and, what was worse his friends were too much frightened to do any thing for his relief. They looked upon him as already dead, expecting every moment to see him precipitated upon the rocks below, and dashed to pieces. Not so with himself. He determined to ascend. Accordingly he plied himself with his knife, cutting places for his hands and feet, and gradually ascended with incredible labor. He exerted every muscle. His life was at stake, and all the terrors of death rose before him. He dared not look downwards, lest his head should become dizzy; and perhaps on this circumstance his life depended. His companions stood at the top of the rocks, exhorting and encouraging him. His strength was almost exhausted; but a bare possibility of saving his life still remained; and hope, the last friend of the distressed, had not yet forsaken him. His course upwards was rather obliquely than perpendicular. His most critical moment had now arrived. He had ascended more than two hundred feet, and had still further to rise, when he felt himself fast growing weak. He thought of his friends and all his earthly joys, and he could not leave them. He thought of the grave and dared not meet it. He now made his last effort, and succeeded. He had cut his way not far from two hundred and fifty feet from the water, in a course almost perpendicular; and in little less than two hours his anxious companions reached him a pole from the top, and drew him up. They received him with shouts of joy, but he himself was completely exhausted. He immediately fainted away on reaching the spot, and it was some time before he could be recovered.

It was interesting to see the path up these awful rocks, and follow, in imagination, this bold youth as he thus saved his life. His name stands far above all the rest, a monument of hardihood, of rashness, and of folly.

We stood around this seat of grandeur about four hours, but from my own feelings, I should have supposed it not over half an hour. There is a little cottage near, lately built; here we were desired to write our names as visiters to the bridge, in a large book for that purpose. Two large volumes were nearly filled already. Having immortalized our names by enrolling them in this book, we silently returned to our horses, wondering at this great work of nature, and we could not but be filled with astonishment at the amazing power of Him who can clothe himself in wonder and terror, to throw around his works a mantle of sublimity.

HYMEN AND CYPHER.

Dick Hymen and Ned Cypher, were but coffee-house acquaintances, they had met but few times, and knew nothing of each other's circumstances.—Dick was a man still in the prime of life, with that happy turn of countenance that shows a freedom from care. His dress was neat, and his fresh intelligent face, betokened at once intellect, health and contentment. Coming into the coffee-house, one rainy morning, he found his friend Cypher at a desk, in the act of throwing away his pen, like a man who is vexed with the inefficiency of his powers, or his subject. Poor Ned's face was so much drawn down into the lines of discontented spleen, that he could hardly hammer out a smile for his new friend.

'What art thou at, friend?' said Dick.

'Writing down marriages,' quoth the old Bachelor.

'And yet,' says Dick, surveying the old bachelor from head to foot, 'thou art at this very moment the best living argument in favor of marriage that I know of. Thy dress, demeanor, and in fact the whole expression of thy outward and inner man plead for the *strong necessity* of being married.'

'Are you married?' responded the old bachelor.

'Yes,'

'Then how the deuce are you so happy?'

'All women are full of faults; some of them all dress, some all book, and some all go-to-meetings—every one of them has some intolerable fault.'

'Let me tell you my story—I have been married three times,' said Dick.

'God preserve us,' ejaculated the old bachelor, 'but I am anticipating.'

'In my youth, to begin then, I was told to shun like the pestilence a fashionable woman, a literary woman, and a devotee, and look out for some female into whom had been well whipped the wholesome truth, that the kitchen was the only proper sphere of woman's thoughts.'

'And good counsel too,' interrupted the old bachelor.

'See how I minded it,' said Dick.—'I went to a ball and met the young, handsome and seducing Almeria. I forgot every thing but my fair fashionable, and in a few months married her in the face of the world. Poor Dick's fortune will go like the dew, said my aunt Bridget, the poor creature knows no more about housekeeping than a baby. But Almeria had sense, and if a woman is not a fool a man is safe enough. She kept my house perfectly neat, from an ambition of making a genteel appearance; she kept me in, from the same pride, and knowing that fortune only could command attention and pleasure she loved, she was economical even when she seemed most magnificent. My house, during her life, was a very temple of taste, and she left me richer than she found me. I was disconsolate at her death, but my friends knew that time to work upon my softened temper, and married me to an only daughter of a rich miser. She had been educated in the kitchen of her aunt, who kept a large hotel, and had not a wish beyond a venison pastry. When I married her I overlooked the difference of personal charms, between her and Almeria, and tried to weigh the disgust I felt in 'touching hands made hard' with labor against her domestic qualities. But alas! what a change!—'Tis true, my dinners were deliciously dressed, but where was the beautiful wife, full of wit, and elegance to make my repast seem like the feast of the gods? Instead of that, I saw Ann, awkward and dull—the grime and smoke of her congenial element had spoiled her natural pretty skin; she had no pride, and therefore cared neither for my appearance nor her own. Cook-like, she was a glutton, and died of a surfeit of over-eating. My present wife is a literary woman, and when I married her, the world prophesied my utter ruin. But Aspasia's mind has too much genuine refinement, not to love order. I have, it is true, to pay for a cook, but the advantages are balanced, for I have not to hire a governess for my daughters. I go home now, and find my girls improving, my evening's delightful, and my affectionate and intelligent wife appearing perfectly happy in owing me so.'

The bachelor threw away his pen.

'Dick,' said he, 'you have tried all but the devotee, that is for my turn. I have looked a good deal at a pretty little saint in the neighbourhood, but I am less afraid of the evil one than of these go-to-meeting females. But I will marry her now directly.'

He married the fair Theresa, and she made the best of the four. She had read in the book she loved, that she must take care of her household, and be submissive, and that same enthusiasm, that made her so ardent in piety, made her as devoted in affection, so that the sweet voice of Theresa, in prayer and praise, soon caused her husband to feel, that piety may give new grace to beauty, and a new charm to love.

CHEROKEE ALPHABET.

The invention of the new Cherokee alphabet, (says the N. York Mirror, by G. P. Morris) is one of the most remarkable circumstances which has ever occurred in the history of the Indian tribes of America. The American Cadmus, it seems, is an illiterate Cherokee, unacquainted both with the English language and the powers and system of the English alphabet. The language of the tribe, though perhaps the most copious of any Indian dialect on the continent, is wholly composed of the various combinations of about sixty monosyllables. The ingenious savage, after a persevering labour of two years, having ascertained the certain number of those radical particles of his native tongue, invented for each a representative character, and thus formed a complete, and perhaps the only syllabic alphabet in the world. The accomplishment of this among a people so little addicted to inventive study as the savages of our country, is truly astonishing, and proclaims the author of it to be a person of no ordinary mind. During the course of his labour, it is said, his fellow savages often remarked the singularity of his behaviour, in generally sitting apart from his companions, apparently deep in thought, and employed in making marks on the ground. He, however, with true Indian taciturnity, declined speaking to any one of the object of his study till his work was finished. He then took one of his brethren aside, and explained to him his new invention, and ended with saying, "we can now have speaking papers as well as white men." The newly discovered art was seized with avidity by the people of the tribe, and, from the extreme simplicity of the plan the use of it soon became general.—Any one on fixing in his memory the names and forms of the letters, immediately possessed the art of reading and writing; and the whole could be acquired in one day. It is now but two or three years since the discovery was made, and reading and writing has already become so general among the Cherokees, that they not only carry on a correspondence by letter between the different parts of their territory, but are also in the habit of taking receipts and giving promissory notes in affairs of trade. The gentleman from whom we received this information told us, that it is now common, in travelling the lands of the tribes, to see directions for the different paths inscribed on the trees. The inventor of the alphabet adopted a few of our manuscript letters. Those were probably the only ones he knew of; and it is certain, that he was unacquainted with their power, for he gives proof of it, by applying them to sounds wholly different from those they stood for in English. Nearly all his own invention, they are of irregular shape, with sharp and circular turns, and in a body have an appearance somewhat similar to that of short-hand writing. This spontaneous advancement of science will probably effect more towards the civilization of the Cherokee nation than all the efforts which our countrymen have made, and may be the means of rescuing at least one branch of our aboriginal population from the state of annihilation to which they have long seemed approaching.

"WILL YOU ENDORSE?"

We pity, ah, sincerely pity, the poor —— we had nigh to have used a word which no polite man would use, and no christian man should use lightly—in other words then, we sincerely pity the man, whoever he is, who is in want of money, and is running about hither and yon, asking his friends to endorse for him.

"Mr. Wiseman, will you be kind enough to endorse for me, for a small sum of money?" "Excuse me, sir, I never endorses for no mate—not even for my grandmother. I think it is a bad practice, I do; many a man is ruined by it as flat as a flounder—wherefore I made myself a solemn promise, if God would bless me with money, never to help no human being and I've been as good as my word." This is a damper, you will say; but not easily discouraged, you proceed to another of your friends, and thus accost him:

"Mr. Smoothface, I am in want of a small sum of money to carry on my business—(which by the way, is improving, and only needs a little of the ready chinc, to proceed with advantage,) will you be good enough to favour me with your name on the back of $300?" "My dear sir, I wouldn't hesitate a moment, if it was in my power to serve you—but, sir, I am really, sir—I—I—indeed, sir, it

is out of my power to assist you in the present case. There is no man in the world I would assist sooner; but really the situation of my—of my—in short, my dear sir, it is at present out of my power to render you any assistance." "Sir, I had imagined, from the liberal offers of service you made me, when I embarked in my present undertaking, that I might depend on you for some small assistance—some——" "Really, sir, I—I I'm very busy—very much engaged at present—good-day sir!" Not willing to give up the point without further trial, you proceed to call upon another of your friends and thus—

"Mr Snickersnee, my good, good friend, I should be very glad of the whisk of your pen; it would be of infinite service to me in my present affairs." "Anan!" "I say Mr. Snickersnee, I shall be greatly obliged to you if you will endorse for me to a small amount." "Really, sir, I don't exactly comprehend you!" "I wish you would, if you please, become security for me, for two or three hundred dollars." "That-are is a thing I can't do possibly. I shall be glad to help ye any way in the world—if ye want a barrel of pork, or a hogsit of cider, I shall be glad to let ye have 'em for cash, as cheap as any other man, I don't care who t'other is."—"Good bye, Mr. Snickersnee."

Thus baffled, you walk home, and debate with yourself which way to turn next—You ruminate on the cold, unaccommodating disposition of mankind, and if you have any spice of the cynic about you, you cannot help comparing them to a tortoise, which draws its head within its shell, and thus secure, cares not a fig how the world wags without. In this state of feeling, you would be apt to discard the whole circle of your species, were it not for a few cheering rays of kindness you have here and there met with, and hope still to meet on the journey of life.

CHURCH'S PRINTING PRESS.

From Mr. Carter's Letters, No. 6?, published in the New York Statesman, dated Dover, Nov. 27, 1825.

On the following morning, our tour of observation at Birmingham was resumed by calling, in company with four Yankees, on Dr. Church, a native of Massachusetts, for the purpose of examining his celebrated printing machine. He politely invited us into his study, the tables and shelves of which were loaded with diagrams and scientific publications. In a few minutes we were invited to accompany him to the building where his invention is "in the full tide of successful experiment." After several years of successful study and labor, he has fully succeeded in his plans, the practical utility of which is reduced to demonstration. Mr. Perkins, of London, remarked to me, that it is the most perfect machine he has ever seen; and few men have had a wider experience in mechanics, or are better qualified to judge.

Dr. Church at first put his press in operation and directed perhaps a hundred sheets to be struck off for our examination. He then took the whole to pieces and particularly explained the various parts. Its motions approach nearer to those of an intelligent being, than I should think it possible any combination of any inert matter could produce. It reaches out its iron hand, grasps the edge of the sheet, draws it under the form where it receives the impression, returns it to the top of the machine, and there deposits it in regular files. All this is done in an instant, without the least noise or confusion. Between two and three thousand sheets are struck off in an hour, the paper being drawn alternately from each side, and the form being almost constantly employed in producing an impression. It feeds itself with ink by means of rollers communicated with a trough. Three persons are required to work it—one to turn the crank, and the other two to supply the paper.

The typography is beautiful, being uniform in complexion, and free from blurs. I examined numerous specimens, taking the sheets indiscriminately from reams of the ordinary work upon which the men were employed. It is designed rather for printing books than newspapers. The price of a press is 1000*l.*

ANNUAL PROPORTION BETWEEN ☞ BIRTHS and DEATHS.

That God has not abandoned the life of man, and the preservation of the human race to blind chance, but watches over us with paternal care, evidently appears from the exact proportion in which (in every nation of the world, and in all times) men come into life and depart from it. By means of this equilibrium, the earth is neither too thinly peopled, nor overstocked with inhabitants. Yet the number of those who are born is generally greater than those who die; for we find that twelve or thirteen persons are born annually for ten that die.—Thus the human race is constantly multiplying. Were not this the case, and were the number of deaths greater than the number of births, in a few ages a whole country would be depopulated, particularly as various accidents may injure population. The principal hindrances to population are pestilence, war, famine, celibacy, and confinement in cities; especially those which are very populous, for in such nearly as many die as are born.

Annual registers shows us, that more males than females are born. The proportion is nearly twenty-one to twenty. So that where 1050 males are born, there are only 1000 females: but death, the military life and divers accidents, restore the balance between the two sexes. In cities there are generally more women than men; in the country the case is reversed.

The number of children, relative to that of families, is also regulated with great wisdom. It is computed, that in sixty-six families there are only about ten children baptised annually. In a populous country, out of fifty, or fifty-four persons, only one marries each year; and each marriage, one with another, produces four children; but in cities, only twenty-five children are reckoned to ten marriages. Men capable of bearing arms, make the fourth part, ordinarily, of the inhabitants of a country.

By comparing the bills of mortality of different countries, it is found, that in common years, i. e., in such years as there is no epidemic disorder, there dies,

1 out of 40 in villages,
1 out of 32 in small towns.
1 out of 28 in middling towns.
1 out of 24 in very populous cities: and
1 out of 56 in a whole province.

Out of each thousand 28 die annually. Out of 100 children who die each year, there are always three dead born, but there is scarcely one out of 200 that dies in the birth. Out of 115 women that die, only one dies in childbed, and one out of 400 dies in labour. The greatest mortality among children is in the first year. Out of 1000 about 293 die before they are one year old. Between the first and second year, only 80 die out of 1000. But from the 13th to the 14th or 15th years, the number is so small that it scarcely ever amounts to above two in a thousand. This therefore is the time of life in which there is the least danger. Some learned men have observed that there are more women who live from 70 to 90 years, but that there are more men than women who exceed 90 and live to 100.

Three thousand millions of persons at least may live at one time on the earth; but there is scarcely one third of that number, or at the most 1000 millions, viz. about 650 millions in Asia, 140 millions in Africa, 150 millions in America, and 130 millions in Europe.

The most natural inference to be drawn from this is, that God is most tenderly concerned for the life of man, and that it is precious in his sight. Is it possible that such proportion could exist between births and deaths; and that this should be so regular and so constant at all times, and in all places, if the wisdom of God had not established, and his providence maintained it?

Saturday Evening Post.

PRICE $2 PER ANNUM.

☞ SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED

Back of No. 1 ? Chesnut street directly opposite the Post Office, and back of No. 53 Market street, three doors below Second, North side.

A correspondent in a daily morning paper notices the beauty and attraction which has been added to our city by the improvements laid out on the public squares. "Open squares (he says) are not only ornaments to large cities, but are conducive to the salubrity of the atmosphere. Philadelphia is ornamented with several public squares, but the citizens until recently declined appropriating them to their proper use. They were certainly designed for the public recreation, and were formerly devoted to that purpose. A few years ago, when the lofty elms spread their large branches over the city square; when rustic benches were promiscuously scattered about for the convenience of those who sought the shade retreat, this was a place of fashionable resort, but of late years it had fallen into disrepute, and was most rigidly avoided by beauty and fashion. But fortunately the times are changed, and now we behold the City Square every evening adorned with the pride of our city. Fashionable parties here resort in numbers, and parents with their blooming children enjoy an hour in the cool of the evening, when the toils of the day are over. This is as it should be. The importance of having a place of recreation of this description must be obvious to all, and in a few years when Washington Square shall be thrown open to us, in conjunction, they will afford a park unequalled by any city on this side of the ocean."

Messrs. Way and Gideon, of Washington City have issued proposals to publish by subscription, "D. Bryan's Address to the Boston Bard," and "The Triumphs of Truth," a poem by the same author. The work will comprise seventy octavo pages and be delivered to subscribers at the price of fifty cents.

Messrs. Carey and Lea have several interesting works in press, among others Reynold's Memoirs, and Mill's History of the Crusades; the former abounds with theatrical anecdote which has become the fashionable reading of the day. Reynolds possesses in no ordinary degree the peculiar talent requisite to the manufacture of a book of this description, and no man has had better opportunity to collect materials for such a work. These books, we understand, will appear in the course of two or three weeks. Carey and Lea will also publish in a few days, Clapperton's Researches in Africa, a work deservedly spoken of in terms of commendation, for containing a great variety of amusing and instructive matter.

It is stated that the whole expense of travelling from Philadelphia to the Saratoga Springs, is something less than four dollars, by two lines of conveyance, by another about five, and by the rest six dollars. There are, at this moment, six lines of daily stages running between Albany and Saratoga, at the low price of 50 cents each passage.

The Tea Case of Messrs. Lippincotts in New York, which had been tried before Judge Van Ness, and decided by him against them, has been tried in the Circuit Court of the U. States, before judge Thompson, who on Monday gave his opinion, after a month's reflection, in favor of Messrs. Lippincotts, reversing the judgment of judge Van Ness.

Messrs. Shwitz & Swartz have built and furnished a very splendid Canal Boat called the Independence, to ply between this city and Reading, upon the Schuylkill Canal; she is finished and ornamented in the style of the Erie Canal Boats, with three cabins—one sufficiently large to accommodate fifty people at the table.

A lad belonging to the Deaf and Dumb Asylum was on Saturday drowned in the Schuylkill—he had been permitted to bathe in company with his school mates under the immediate superintendence of one or two of the teachers, while in the water, scarcely breast high, he suddenly sunk down; he was, within three minutes, dragged out, but no efforts could restore him to life. He was an orphan, from the State of New Jersey.

The completion of the tunnel of the Union Canal, of which there remains but 184 running yards, has been undertaken by four contractors, who have been for a long time in the service of the Company, and there cannot be a doubt, from the known energy of these men, who have engaged personally to attend the excavation and to work night and day, but that it will be completed in time to meet the general opening of the Canal early the ensuing spring.

Bartram's celebrated Botanic Garden, near Gray's Ferry, continues to flourish. The present proprietor, (Colonel Robert Carr, whose wife is the grand daughter of the founder of this garden) has greatly enlarged the collection, both of indigenous and exotic plants, as the green house plants alone amount to nearly 10,000. He has lately added a small vineyard to the garden, for the purpose of ascertaining which kinds of European grapes will best suit our climate. The vineyard is well worthy the attention of any person who feels an interest in the cultivation of the vine in this country. He has nearly one hundred different varieties of European grapes under cultivation, most of which are found to stand the climate here, and bear well. From the present appearance of the vines, he expects to be enabled to send 3000 lbs. of grapes to the market this summer, besides making several barrels of wine; he has now on hand, wine made from his grapes. Visiters have free access to the garden on all days except Sunday.

The Upper Canada Herald mentions that the religious assemblage, usually denominated a camp-meeting, commenced on Thursday the 15th, and closed on Monday the 19th ult. It adds that, on the intervening Sunday, three thousand persons were, it was calculated, present, and the utmost decorum prevailed. One hundred and forty tents were on the ground, some of them very large.

The Atlas, a newspaper recently established in London, is unquestionably the largest sheet ever printed. It measures forty-four inches and three quarters one way and thirty-two inches and one quarter the other. And yet miraculous as it may appear, such a sheet would be filled with infinitely less labor to the editor, than one of our journals were we are obliged to abridge all matter, in order to squeeze in the current articles of news.

The National Intelligencer of Friday week announces the decease of the immortal sage of Monticello thus:

Thomas Jefferson is no more! His weary sun hath made a golden set, leaving a bright tract of undying fame to mark his path to a glorious immortality. The illustrious Author of the Declaration of Independence breathed his last at Monticello on the fourth of this month, at 10 minutes before one o'clock. On the fiftieth Anniversary of the birth of this Nation, with which event his Name and Fame are forever and indissolubly united, at the moment when all tongues throughout the land were engaged in repeating the language of his greatest work—his soul, satisfied with the retrospection of half a century of past events, winged its flight to the realms of immortality! Singular, but felicitous coincidence! We shall not coolly undertake to indite the memoirs of such a man. His history may be read in a Nation's eyes—his eulogy beams on the surface of every thing that is admirable and peculiar in the principles of our Governments. For a review of his past life this is not the moment.—A more suitable occasion shall be chosen, and perhaps a more able pen than ours.

Mr. Jefferson was buried on the 5th instant, in the burying place at Monticello, without any pomp or procession.

The Baltimore Gazette, speaking of Mr. Jefferson, says,

"Perhaps if a wish had been formed by himself or his friends, as to the time of his departure from this mortal to an immortal state, the very moment at which his death occurred would have been selected—as uniting with the recollection of the man, and rendering permanent, as inseparable from his fame, the important share he had in preparing and perfecting the instrument which gave independence to his native land, and freedom to the nation by which he has been so highly honored.—The sage of Monticello, or the President of the United States, will not be so often mentioned or recollected, as the Author of the Declaration of Independence, who died on its fiftieth anniversary."

The venerable and lamented patriot, the day before his death, expressed his desire to die on the Fourth of July and just before his death, his perfect readiness and willingness to die, and manifested but one regret; that the Lottery which had been granted him, had not been completed, and his creditors paid. He desired that there might be no procession attending his body to the grave. He said that he had done for his country and mankind, all that he could, and that he now resigned his soul without fear to his God, and his Daughter to his country.

Extract of a letter from the University of Virginia, dated on the 5th instant:

"Mr. Jefferson expired on the 4th, about ten minutes before one o'clock, in the afternoon, after a confinement to his bed of little more than a week, though the disease of which he died (diarrhœa) had been of long continuance. He suffered little bodily pain, and, apparently, none at all in mind—spoke of his approaching end with the most perfect composure, and indicated no solicitude except that his life should be prolonged to the fourth.—We all rejoice here that his wishes were fulfilled. He was buried yesterday, without any pomp or procession, in compliance with his dying request, but very many attended the burying place at Monticello, to see him interred. He left a memoir of his life, which, I believe, will be put to press immediately, and numerous papers, that are intended for publication some years hence."

The students at College Hill, District of Columbia, thus preface several resolutions on the death of the venerable John Adams:—

"Having, but a few days ago, clothed ourselves in mourning, our sorrow is already accumulated by the announcement of the death of John Adams, the second President of the United States. Jefferson is gone! On that very day which he wished to be the last of his earthly pilgrimage, his soul winged its flight, and joined the bright company of his brother Patriots, spirits of the other world! But it went not alone. Another advocate of our Independence—another of Liberty's apostles—another of the surviving and immortal three—resigned his breath on the same glorious day, and stood in the presence of his Maker! John Adams is gone! A member of the first Congress, of '74—the supporter of the motion to "declare our Independence," in '76—the first Vice President of the Union, in '89—and the successor of Washington, in '96, in every station, displaying superior talents and virtue—he has, at length, bowed, full of honors, to that destiny which awaits, without distinction, all mortality."

The Secretaries of War and the Navy have directed, by General Orders, that funeral honors be paid to John Adams, at all the military posts throughout the United States, the same as were directed to be paid to Thomas Jefferson, by the Army, and the Navy and Marine Corps.

At Richmond, Virginia, Tuesday was set apart for a funeral procession, in honor of the memory of Thomas Jefferson; and the Governor of the State was to deliver a discourse on the occasion.

Wednesday was devoted, in New-York, to the solemn commemoration of the death of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson. Business was suspended; the military corps paraded; religious service was performed; and a public address delivered, &c.

Thomas Jefferson was born in Chesterfield County, Virginia, on the 2d day of April, 1743; and was, at the time of his death, 83 years 3 months and 2 days old. His family were among the earliest emigrants to Virginia; of which colony his grandfather, Thomas Jefferson, was a native. His father was named Peter Jefferson, and was known as one of the Commissioners for determining the boundary line between Virginia and North Carolina, in the year 1747; from whom he derived an extensive and valuable estate.

The Declaration of Independence was adopted on *Thursday* the 4th of July, 1776. The Government of the United States was organized, under the present Constitution, by the Inauguration of General Washington, as President, March 4, 1789, more than thirty-seven years ago. Since that time, up to the 4th July, 1826, but one of the Presidents of the United States had died. Mr. John Adams, Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Madison, Mr. Monroe, and Mr. John Quincy Adams on that day, were all alive. As none of those gentlemen had attained the Presidency, until they were nearly 60 years of age, it is not a little remarkable, that after so great a lapse of time, they should all have been alive on the late Jubilee.

John Adams was eight years older than Thomas Jefferson; Thomas Jefferson eight years older than James Monroe; and James Monroe, eight years older than John Quincy Adams.

It is worthy of remark, as a singular coincidence, that the lamented Fisher Ames, in whom this nation lost one of its brightest ornaments, likewise ended his worldly career on the anniversary of American Independence.

Only one signer of the Declaration of Independence now survives, Charles Carroll, of Carrollton—he enjoys good health, and from his habits of regular exercise, and cheerful disposition, it is probable he will continue for several years to bless and enjoy his domestic and friendly circles.

THE VERY ERROR OF THE MOON.

A man in New-Orleans advertises that he has "invented a coach for travelling through the air with safety." The advertiser says he can carry the mail and one or two passengers with him; and that his vehicle is completely manageable, except in severe gales of wind, when he can descend from his aerial voyage at pleasure. If proper assistance be given him, he will by next Christmas be ready to ascend from any appointed place, manœuvre and manage his coach with nearly the swiftness of a fowl, and show to the world that man can travel through the air as well as on water!!!!!

A drover, by the name of Swineford, from Union County, Pennsylvania, was murdered in Lebanon on the evening of the 4th instant. He had four or five hundred dollars in two pocket books, 30 dollars in the smaller one, and the remainder in the larger. He was passing in company with an acquaintance, Mr. Greenawalt, along an alley, on his way to the house of the latter, when a number of persons rushed upon them, and knocked them both down. Mr. Greenawalt, recovered from the effect of the blow, rose from the ground, and affected a retreat, and procuring assistance, returned to the rescue of his companion. But it was too late; Mr. Swineford was dead, and horribly bruised with clubs or stones. All his money, with the exception of the smaller pocket book, which escaped the hasty search of his murderers, was gone, and they themselves had taken flight.

THE NICETY OF THE LAW.

A man named Robert A. Evans, was recently arraigned before the superior court of Twiggs county, Georgia, on a charge of perjury, in having sworn, upon the holy gospel, to the truth of a certain statement respecting a controversy between two of his neighbors: but the magistrate, before whom the oath was taken, being unable to testify whether he was sworn upon the holy gospel, or with the uplifted hand, the prisoner was discharged, on the ground that the oath had been administered in a form different from that laid in the indictment.

Captain Symmes has been on a tour through the New England States; he has been well received, and treated with that attention which a scientific man generally meets in that portion of our country. Mr Reynolds was last at Schenectady, New York, where his lectures were attended by the students and faculty of Union College. A very flattering letter was addressed to him by a committee from the Senior Class of that respectable school. A gentleman of fortune in New York has been so far convinced of the correctness of Mr. Reynolds' theory of the earth, that he has offered to fit out a vessel for an expedition to the *south pole.* Mr. Reynolds is to accompany the person who prepares the expedition.

NEWSPAPERS.

There were but seven papers in the United States in 1750, in 1810 there were 359, (including 25 published daily) which circulated 22,200,000 copies in the year. In 1823 they had increased to 588, and at present they are about 640.

The number of copies circulated in the year by these journals, exceeds 30 millions. In the British isles in 1821, with twenty millions of people, the number of newspapers was estimated to be 284, and the copies printed annually 28 millions. The whole of continental Europe, containing 160 millions of inhabitants, where the press is chained down by royal and priestly jealousy, certainly does not support half the number of journals which exist in the United States.

From the Georgetown (S. C.) Gazette.

A PRINTER'S WARNING.

It will be three years the first of October next, since the Gazette was established, without collecting ten per cent on the dues. Arrangements are making to present the accounts, which may be liquidated by cash or due bills payable the 25th of October; otherwise all delinquents will be summoned alphabetically, to appear before Esquire Rogers, and show cause, if any can, why judgment should not be given.

Printers have too often to ask the aid of squire Rogers, and to go through their alphabet.

FLY WATER. Dr. Robison states that he has for sale at his house, No. 296 Hudson street, New-York, a celebrated liquid for the destruction of flies. Small quantities are placed within their reach, and soon after drinking it they become stupid, and fall lifeless, by hundreds and thousands.

HARBOURING APPRENTICES.

At the June term of Baltimore City Court, came on the trial of William K. Mitchell for harbouring two apprentices of Hester Crockett from the 1st of May to the 30th June, 1826, inclusive. He was found guilty, and the counsel for the prosecution contended that Mitchell be sentenced to pay $1,66, 2-3 for every hour each apprentice was harboured, according to the act of 1748, which declares, that persons harbouring servants shall pay one hundred pounds of tobacco, or $1,66 2-3, for every hour each servant is harboured, one half to the party grieved and the other to the State. The penalty incurred by Mitchell, according to this act amounts to four thousand eight hundred and eighty dollars. The Court agreed with the prosecuting counsel, but delayed passing sentence in consequence of the suggestion that a compromise would take place.

THE SEA SERPENT.

Captain Sargent, of the schr. Wanderer of Gloucester, Mass. arrived at Newburyport, Mass. informs us that on Tuesday of last week, about six miles from the Newburyport Bar, and two from Plumb Island shore, he, and those with him, had a clear and distinct view of this aquatic monster; that he appeared to be about sixty [illegible] in length, i. e. as much of him as could [illegible]; that his head was flat like a shovel, of a shining black colour; that his back was full of large protuberances; such as have repeatedly been represented; that he seemed to take no notice of his amazed and criticising friends, but was sporting in the bay, probably participating in the pleasure and joyous at the return of our national jubilee; that when his speed was rapid, he made a noise similar to that of a ship's bow when dashing through the water, causing a heavy foam around him; that his eyes were large and prominent, and his movements altogether different from any other inhabitant of the deep. Captain S. was within 30, or 100 yards of this sub-marine traveller, and saw him plainly during half an hour; he is a man of strict veracity and uprightness; heretofore disbelieved in the existence of the sea serpent, but is now ready to give his certificate to the many which have been elicited in favor of his snakeship.

FROM THE PACIFIC.

The following is an extract of a letter from a young officer on board the United States' frigate United States, dated Valparaiso, March 23, 1826.

FRIGATE UNITED STATES,
Valparaiso, March 23, 1826.

"We had a passage here from Callao, of 17 days, which is a good run; we have been laying here about three weeks, during which time we have been engaged getting stores and provisions on board; we have now eight months provisions on board, and are to sail in four or five days for Coquimbo, and from there to the intermediate ports and Callao.—It is thought by some, that we will go to the Sandwich Islands, but the majority are of a different opinion.

"I should like very well to go there, but I am tired of this coast and I dont care how soon I leave it. We have not yet heard of the arrival of the United States schooner Dolphin, but as she has been near seven months away, we expect to find her at Callao. By a ship from Boston, which arrived here a week ago, we heard of the death of Commodore M'Donough; fired our minute guns, and wore our colours half mast—officers ordered to wear crape for thirty days. The Supreme Director arrived here a short time ago in the Chilian frigate O'Higgins, from Chiloe, that Island having been surrendered to the patriots after a little skirmishing of 4 or 5 hours; Centenela came prisoner in the same vessel; Rodil also arrived here a few days after, in H. B. M. ship Briton, they being the only two Spanish Generals in this country, and it is out of their power to do any mischief."

Buenos Ayres papers to May 2d have been received at Boston. It is said that they do not contain any news of importance. Don Manuel Moreno had been appointed minister plenipotentiary to the United States; and Mr. Sarratea, charge d'affaires of the government of Buenos Ayres in London, had been promoted to the dignity of minister plenipotentiary at the same court. Don Manuel J. Garcia declined accepting the appointment of minister plenipotentiary to the congress of Panama, which was offered to him.

A remarkable circumstance took place lately, at Bedford, in the state of Indiana, which no doubt will be very interesting to the most of our readers. At a special session of the Lawrence county circuit court, called for the purpose of trying two persons charged with larceny, and then in the jail of that county, John Adamson was sentenced to the penitentiary for stealing a horse, for the term of three years; and Jesse Brannan for stealing leather, for one year. His honor John F. Ross, presiding judge, and John Kingsbury, Esq. prosecuting attorney. Brannan is about twenty years of age, of poor parents, an inexperienced and unlearned chap, but possessing good natural abilities. During his trial, he appeared careless and indifferent of his fate. His aged father and mother were present and seemed deeply affected. The trial occupied the whole of Monday, and the prisoner was brought to the bar on Tuesday morning, to receive the sentence of the court. The prosecution was managed with that ability which does honor to the person who conducted the pleas of the state. The trial was fair, and the boy received the just sentence of the law, which was pronounced upon him by the judge in a style at once dignified, applicable and interesting. After which, while the boy was in custody of the sheriff, his mother was permitted to speak to him. "My boy," said the old lady, "go to the penitentiary, serve out your time there, and when you return I will receive you as a mother still." They separated: the boy was about to be conducted to jail and the mother was going towards her house, for the purpose of returning home: the thought of being thus torn from her child in disgrace, bore too hard on her aged breast, already worn with grief and enfeebled with care. She could no longer support the heavy load; she tottered and fell; her situation was seen and many ran to her relief; but the mother's grief and affliction had ceased! She was pale and lifeless; the purple current which had hitherto preserved the vital spark, had now fled to its citadel, and forced asunder the beating ligaments. Her extremities were chilled. Several attempts were made to bleed her, but the blood had forsaken its wonted channels. The boy was soon brought forward to witness the awful effects his guilt had produced upon her who had borne him. Here for the first time, he shewed that he had a heart that could feel; his face, which before had the appearance of hardihood, was seen bathed in tears. The old man with difficulty withstood the awful shock; but at last, with some composure, and with a father's feelings, he addressed his trembling son, in substance as follows: "See, my boy, you have been the death of your mother. It is too late now for you to weep or lament; but three weeks since I buried your brother, my other son; here was sufficient warning for you, but even while the recollection is fresh, and while our eyes were yet wet with tears for him, you committed the disgraceful deed which has brought upon me this awful calamity; I am now left alone to pursue the rugged journey of life;" his tears stopped his utterance. The scene was solemn. The town, which till now was cheerful, became solemn as the house of mourning.

ENGLISH SELECTIONS.

It appears by an address from Mr. Stuart Wortley, that gentleman is about to be called to the House of Peers. Mr. Wortley, in his address to the freemen of Yorkshire, says, "On Saturday evening last, I received an invitation of his Majesty's gracious intention to call me to the House of Peers. I assure you, upon my honor, that this distinguished mark of my Sovereign's favor was not only unsolicited but entirely unexpected by me, up to the moment at which I received the intimation of it."

Two young Italians were executed in Paris the latter end of May, for an attempt to assassinate a money-changer, named Joseph. It is a most singular fact that Joseph died the same day of inflammation of the bowels. It seems that he employed every effort in his power to save the unhappy culprits, and suffered much chagrin in being unsuccessful.

The London papers relate that "some fellows in the West of England had been selling cucumbers [illegible]de of plaster of Paris."

There [illegible] 3500 medical practitioners in London, [illegible] only 900 in Paris.

Mr. Fi[illegible], a solicitor, at Lyme Regis, Devonshire, England, has recovered seven hundred pounds sterling of John Joseph Stockdale, the publisher of Harriette Wilson's memoirs, which contained a libel on his character.

Bell's London Weekly Messenger, gives the following remarkable fact—Last week, amongst the vessels which left Ramsgate Harbour, was a large Swedish brig, named North Pole—the captain of which, a fine healthy man at the age of eighty years, says he left his father living and well in Sweden, at the great age of *one hundred and twenty two years.*

CONTESTED ELECTIONS.

At the memorable contest for Yorkshire, which lay between Lords Milton and Lascelles, the expence of each candidate was not short of 120,000*l.*! Every carriage and post horse throughout the county was in requisition; every inn and tavern was open; and the whole election was one scene of lavish expence, ruinous to any fortunes but those of the two families, which were equal to the enormous pressure. The last Northumberland contest is said to have cost each candidate 3000*l.* a day! and the sitting member purchased the return of a few short months at an outlay of 50,000*l.*

A RICH OLD MAID.

A correspondent of the Providence Journal, who has been travelling in England, says that Miss (or Mrs.) Lawrence, an elderly maiden lady, is the proprietor of nearly the whole town of Ripon, containing a population of 5000 souls; she is also the owner of the beautiful parks and pleasure grounds of Studley Royal, and of the ruins of Fountains Abbey. She has complete control over the elections of the two members of Parliament returned for the borough of Ripon, and thus possesses more influence and power in Parliament than the town of Manchester with its 100,000 inhabitants.

A return has been presented to the British House of Commons, of the crown debtors confined in the gaols of the United Kingdom.—The debtors confined by the department of the Customs amount to 232; by the Excise 158; by the Stamp Office, 3. There are also 30 debtors confined by the Commissioners of Taxes; 2 by the Commissioners of Hawkers and Pedlars; 1 by the Ordnance Office, 1 by the War Office, in all 427.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CIRCUMSTANCE.

When the six men (viz. Nixon, for a highway robbery—Brevett, for sheep stealing—and Faulkner, Tipping, Deritend, and Pool, for a burglary,) who were all left for execution, were assembled by Mr. Brutton, the Governor, and the respite during his Majesty's pleasure read to them, and when Mr. Brutton added, Your lives are spared, they all at the same instant fell down as dead men. It could not be from sympathy one falling after the other: but it is described by the governor as though six hammers at the same moment had fallen sharply on their six heads. Brevet remained a long time lying upon his back insensible. Tipping was the first who rose, and on his knees, with uplifted hands to the Governor, said—'O sir, is it true?' It was on Easter Sunday just after they had received the blessed sacrament.—*Birmingham Chronicle.*

TURKISH LAW.

A letter from Alexandria, in Egypt, says a firman has recently been issued, which orders that the dollar shall be given and received at not more than 15 piastres, and if any musselman or rajah shall transgress such order, he will be subject to the punishment of the Turkish laws; and if any Europeon whatever, should transgress also the said order, he may be arrested by the Turkish guard, which will give advice to the consulate to which he appertains, to the end that he may be accompanied to Cairo by one of its officers, to be judged there, and in case that the consulate should make any refusal he shall be forwarded to Cairo, in the custody of the Ottoman guard. The punishment of the Turkish law is, forfeiture of the nose, it being a moderate penalty in such hot climates.

A London paper mentions that a great discovery has been made in steam navigation, by which three-fourths of the fuel now used will be saved. The vapour of quicksilver is substituted for steam with similar machinery, and a few precautions to prevent any waste of the metal by a pipe on the safety valve. The bottom of the boiler, which is very small and strong, as compared with that in use for producing steam, is conical, and the termination of the cone is in contact with the burning coals which surround it. Their heat is communicated almost instantaneously to the quicksilver in the boiler, throwing it into vapour, at the temperature of 656 degrees of Fahrenheit. Its elasticity and power can be infinitely increased by heat, and the greater the elasticity produced, the greater the vacuum in the cylinder on opening the valve communicating with the well. The saving of stowage will be very considerable, and a ton of quicksilver will be sufficient for propelling a vessel to India and back again with 140 horse power.

The ship Emerald, at Boston, sailed from Calcutta on the 20th of February. It is learnt by her that the armistice concluded by the Burmese with the English was a mere sham on the part of the former, to recruit and gain fresh strength; that the war was renewed and prosecuted at the latest dates from the scene of action, at the time of the departure of the Emerald, although the British forces had gained some advantages over the Burmese.

The Drama.

Nothing could have drawn to our Theatre at this season so large a portion of the play-going public but great novelty and respectable talents. Philadelphians may indeed pause with admiration, at the unwonted zeal for the drama which they have manifested for nearly nine months past. It has been so unusual, so out of the common track, that if we had time we should like to enquire closely into the causes and we should, or we much mistake, arrive at the conclusion that with a proper degree of novelty, a *quantum suf.* of talent, and a suitable portion of management, our city would support a theatre during the greater part of the year. Mr. Forrest, of whose performance we spoke last week, continued his playing until Tuesday last. On Friday evening Mr. F. personated Tell, the Hero of Switzerland. This drama has been several times represented upon our boards since the commencement of the winter season, and whatever favour the patriotism of its plot and language might have secured for it at first it has evidently lost ground. The whole weight of the piece rests upon "Tell," and the talents of Wood, Cooper and Hamblin, have been unsuccessfully employed in keeping up the interest of the piece. When Forrest was announced for "William Tell," the general exclamation was that the prettiness of the piece would operate so far against, as, at least, to neutralize the advantages he had gained in Rolla—we say only a part of the performance—that in which he and his son are confronted with Gesler, and the scene of hitting the Apple. We will not venture an expression of our opinion alone—indeed such were our impressions during the performance that we hesitated to pronounce an opinion, until we found our own ideas confirmed by those of persons whose judgments cry the top of the times. We then venture to say that the scenes of Tell to which we allude, were performed by Mr. Forrest, incomparably better than by any other person who has attempted them upon our boards. On Saturday evening, Mr. Forrest performed Osmond in "the Castle Spectre;" report speaks most commendably of his personation of that character. His Jaffier on Monday evening, added to the credit he had previously obtained in that part. Tuesday, Mr. Forrest performed Othello for his benefit. The two first acts of the tragedy went off without exhibiting on his part any particular variation from his previous acting. In the *third act,* he felt that he had something powerful to contend against—and from his first entrance in this act to the close of the tragedy, he appeared to have embodied his whole powers in the part. We must except Mr. Kean, though many would suffer no exception, in saying that he gave the best representation of Othello that has ever been exhibited. "He lurched all garlands." We had prepared some particular observations upon several scenes, in which it is but justice to say, we had penned a few objections; but we must forbear for the present. It is possible, though somewhat out of season, that we may note our observations for another week. At the conclusion of the tragedy [illegible] Forrest was called for—he appeared, [illegible] in very handsome terms, expressed his acknowledgments for favours, and assurances of endeavours to deserve them. The following is, perhaps, nearly word for word, what was delivered by him:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—There [illegible] necessary for me to request and interpret[illegible]tion of this your call—it discloses and unfolds itself. My only regret is that I am so totally

unprepared to meet this honor as I ought, that my present exhaustion, and rude speech, renders me incapable of expressing the high sense of gratitude I feel for your liberality and kindness.—(Three Cheers.) When appearing before you, my generous patrons, I feel a peculiar condition. This is the city of my nativity—here, under your cherishing care I first spread my unfledged wings; you were pleased to smile most graciously upon my early inexperience and efforts, and now, when arrived at mature years, to find so many testimonials of your increased esteem, is to me a source of inestimable delight. (Loud cheering.) This shall prompt me to redouble my exertions, and, I trust, after some time, through a continuance of your favours, to render myself worthy of them." (Loud and long applause.)

The New-York Bull's Head Theatre progresses with unparalled rapidity. Mr. Coyle and Signior Ferri, the former celebrated in landscape painting, and the latter as an architect, are active in preparing the scenery.—The house will, it is asserted, certainly open on the 15th October ensuing.

Mr. Kean, the vocalist, has returned to New-York, after spending the winter in Montreal and Quebec. It is understood that he is engaged for next winter in the New Theatre at the Bull's Head. As a vocalist he is looked upon as holding a place among the best English performers in this country.

The Park Theatre at New-York, during the recess, will undergo repairs and be newly ornamented. The opera is the only amusement continued. The evenings of performance are changed, and also increased, being Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

Mr. Kean, has left New-York for Niagara, on a tour of pleasure, accompanied by Mr. Foote and Mr. Lee.

A third tier of boxes and other improvements are to be erected in Chatham Garden Theatre. The company propose visiting Albany and some of the Theatres in the western part of New York, while the House is repairing. They open at Albany on the 19th.

The La Fayette Theatre opened with a strong melo-dramatic company. It has the largest stage, it is said, of any theatre ever heard of, affording ample space for the exhibition of pieces in which horses are introduced.

Miss Kelly made her first appearance at the Providence Theatre, on Friday evening of last week, as Letitia Hardy. The next night she was to appear as Beatrice and Rosina.

Mr. Hamblin, after a very successful series of performances at Providence, N. Y. has proceeded on to Rochester, where he will perform several of his principal characters.

The success of Paul Pry at the Haymarket Theatre, is unparalleled in dramatic history. Notwithstanding its run last year, the London papers inform us that, it has netted *one thousand pounds* per week clear profit to the proprietor, ever since the commencement of the present season.

A new play, Alfred, from the pen of Mr. Knowles, author of Virginius, and William Tell, has been accepted at Drury Lane Theatre. A new musical romance from Scott's novel, The Talisman, has been brought out at the same theatre, with the title of the Knights of the Cross, or the Hermit's Prophecy. It was successful.

On the 26th May, Carl Maria Von Weber took his benefit at the Argyll Room, upon which occasion a new MS. Cantata was produced, entitled 'The Festival of Peace,' the poetry written expressly for this occasion by Hampden Napier—the music, of course, by the baron. It is impossible to withhold the highest praise to this production, containing, as it does, the wild, the pathetic, and the sublime. The sole and harmonized parts were most ably executed by Mad. Caradori, Miss H. Cawse, Mr Braham and Mr. Philips, and the chorusses were very powerfully sustained. Although Miss Paton, Mr. Braham, and other eminent performers lent their aid on this occasion, there was a very thin attendance, the room being not much more than half filled.—We regret to hear the very bad state of health under which this eminent composer at present labors. At the conclusion of the performance he threw himself on a sofa, in the last stage of exhaustion.

With the exception of a new opera and tragedy at Drury Lane, there is nothing of dramatic interest in the latest London papers.

Evening Post.

PHILADELPHIA.

SATURDAY, JULY 15, 18[illegible].

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We have been favoured this week, with an Ode, from "Selim"—Stanzas on Summer, "Mortimer"—The Mocking Bird, "Rosalie"—The sign, "L. D."—The Death of Socrates, "Vergennes"—The past and present, a poem of considerable length, "Marian," and others which it is not necessary to notice at this time.

An Essay from our correspondent "Peter Single," and several Enigmas and Charades, from "B." "Decius," "Solver," &c. merit attention.

The Solutions to the Conundrums from Decius in our last have been mislaid—he will befriend us by sending another copy of them.

Within the last two months upwards of FIVE HUNDRED new names have been added to our subscription lists. Several gentlemen residing in the neighbouring post towns have voluntarily tendered their services to increase the number, as they inform us many of their neighbors have expressed an inclination to patronise the "Post." We tender them, one and all, our cordial and hearty thanks for their friendly disposition.

THE HIGHLANDS.

Under this title, a novel in two volumes has within the last week, been published in this city—the work being the production, as we understand, of one of our townsmen, will scarcely fail of commanding patronage—when we shall possess ourselves of its contents, we may speak more fully of its merits. Meantime, we trust the reading part of the community will have liberality enough to purchase the work on trial.

Rarely does it occur that a nation in its rapid career of glory, is permitted to regulate its course for half a century, by the wisdom and experience of men, whom providence seated to the great purpose of political regeneration generally, and its own independent existence. Midst the conflicts of party feelings or the despondency of national misfortune, our country has enjoyed the high privilege of turning towards the hallowed remnants of the gallant band that staked happiness, life and honour, upon their cast for our good. Though, year after year, we saw that their [illegible]y was diminishing, there was a secret pleasure in the consciousness that they remained as passive conductors of our recollections, to those times and scenes when their exertions, directed by their wisdom, were shaping the destinies of our nation—executing plans that were to elevate us into the enjoyment of that freedom and its consequent greatness which *have been*, and *are now*, the increasing admiration of the world.

The events of the 4th of July, 1826, are sufficient to render that day immortal, had it not been the birth day of our nation, as it is, the historian of our country, must appeal to the most direct and positive evidence of his integrity, or his recital of its strange coincidence of time and occurrences, will wear so deeply the tinge of romance as to excite the scepticism of the cool and the philosophical, who possess not the most ready means of corroborating the recital from which they start with incredulity. We must not start, we who believe a providence in all events, "rough hew them how you will," that men who threw aside the consideration of selfish aggrandizements, who put away the blandishments of pleasure in their youth—who dedicated themselves from the first dawn of manhood, to their country and the cause of political and religious freedom—whose virtues rendered their *lives* one scene of solicitude and anxiety for others happiness, we should not wonder that their latter days should be *peace*, and their death marked by the immediate visitation of Heaven. The success of their early exertions in the cause of truth, showed that "the seal of Providence was surely on them, and they were born for *then* unheard of wonders."

JOHN ADAMS was born on the 19th Oct. 1735, in that part of Braintree, in the county of Norfolk, Mass. which has, since his birth, been set off into a separate town, or in the language of Pennsylvania, township, and called Quincy, after the late Josiah Quincy, father of the present Mayor of Boston, himself an ardent and efficient labourer in the cause of our country, although cut off in the midst of years and of usefulness.

Mr. Adams commenced very early in youth that course of education, for which even at that distant period, ample provisions were made in New England, and at an early age he entered Harvard College as a student, from which, after receiving its honours, he passed to the study of the law—improving his time as necessities required, in keeping a school in different parts of the state, where the services of a *public teacher* were required. We have not before us, materials for forming a regular biography of Mr. Adams, nor is it our intention or wish to attempt one. The historian, we hope, is ready to do justice to his virtues, and his greatness. From his school, Mr. Adams entered upon the exercise of his profession, that of law. We do not know what were the fruits of his labours at the bar, doubtlessly he was successful—in those times even a moderate share of abilities and attention, secured to their possessors, early honours, and great profits, when applied to the business of the law. One circumstance, however, appears to shew the progress he had made in the most profitable part of the practice at the bar. "It is not unknown to most of our readers that, to give security, or, at least, under the pretence of security, to the legislature of the colony, the governor of Massachusetts had caused a party of British soldiers to be placed near the State-house in Boston, the building at the head of State street. During the evening of the 5th of March, 1770, a party of Bostonians assembled in that street, with an evident intention of insulting and injuring the soldiery, stationing themselves beyond the reach of their bayonets, they pelted "the Red Coats" with snow-balls, mud, brick-bats, and such other missiles as chance or an unhappy forethought placed at their disposal. It was not until warmly assailed, that the soldiers made known their situation to the commanding officers—when it became necessary either to retreat or defend their position, the soldiery fired upon the inhabitants—several were killed and many wounded—the troop was immediately consigned over to the arm of civil law—and John Adams was selected to conduct their defence. Mr. Adams' opinions and feelings in relation to the difficulties between the Colonies and Parent Country, were well known, and had already brought upon him the grave censures of the governmental powers. Yet such was the confidence in his talents and integrity that, spite of popular clamour, he was entrusted with the lives of his enemies. The balance of justice was rarely maladjusted in Massachusetts. When it was required that justice should kick the beam, it was found necessary to remove the trials beyond the colony. The troops were of course acquitted.

The exigencies of the time rendered it proper that the Whig leaders should avail themselves of every opportunity to strengthen their cause: the death of the citizens was *called* a *murder*—the whole scene was celebrated for years afterwards, as the "*Boston Massacre*"—odes were written to commemorate the event, and orations pronounced to awaken the public mind to vengeance upon the offenders and their instigators. Mr. Adams' exertions, however, were not mistaken; nor do we recollect that, during the violence of party rage which distracted our country in the early part of the present century, that Mr. Adams' defence of the British soldiery was ever urged against his principles or his practice.

The colony of Massachusetts had, earlier than any other, evinced hostility to the oppressive acts of the British Ministry; and father transmitted to son the spirit of opposition to *intended* oppression, and received in return a promise of resistance, whenever the threats of the parent government should be executed. About the year 1770, and perhaps a few years previous, *Social parties* were common in Boston, at which it was not unusual, we have heard, to introduce cards, although the principles, and at other times, the *practice* of the visitors were diametrically opposed to their *use*—over these, it is said, subjects were discussed that would have shocked Hoyle, by *numbers* and in *tones* that would have forbidden a thought of *Loo* or *Whist*. In these politico-card parties, composed of the Adamses, Hancock, Quincy, Otis, Warren, &c. were matured the plans that defeated the views of the British cabinet, and led to the *declaration* and defence of our independence.

As another proof of Mr. Adams' eminence in his profession, and we ought to have mentioned it before, it is stated that he was very early appointed Chief Justice of the State, an offer of which, however flattering, he declined acceptance. Mr. Adams saw in the state of feelings then manifested by his friends, that the times would soon require the whole exercise of his faculties in a more active and useful situation than upon the bench.

In 1770 he was chosen a member of the colonial legislature, and in 1774 he was appointed to the council, an appointment, however, that received the decided negative of Governor Gage, who started at admitting among his advisers one whose conduct and conversation pointed so directly at resistance to all oppression. Mr. Adams was not, therefore, admitted in the councils of Governor Gage. It was not strange that the friends of Independence should early require the public services of Mr. Adams in the common cause—he who had moulded and formed their plans in private meetings, was the man to give them effect in public deliberations. He was therefore conspicuous in the Congress of 1776—urging not merely in the sessions of that august body, but among separate committees, the great ends at which they evidently aimed—he was most anxious, it is understood, to give every section of the country a share in the work—that all might feel a *peculiar* interest in its prosecution; he knew that the independence, which he laboured so earnestly to have declared, was to be *achieved*—and sectional divisions would be fatal to his projects—he therefore stirred up different members of the Congress to various acts, assigning to each the duty of *proposing*, and reserving to himself the more arduous task of *advocating* and *urging*, the passage of motions. The powers of Mr. Adams were felt and acknowledged—his wishes were gratified in the declaration of Independence, and his services were unremitted to secure its achievement.

The pecuniary difficulties of our suffering colonies during the war are known to all.—Mr. Adams was sent to Europe to procure the means of dissipating them. At every court, where he was authorized to act, he succeeded completely in accomplishing every object for which he was deputed—and finally signed the treaty of Peace, by which our former King acknowledged the independence of his once faithful colonies.—Subsequently to that he acted as Minister to Great Britain. After the adoption of the Constitution, Mr. Adams was elected Vice-President, and continued in that office during the administration of Washington, who consulted him upon every public act as carefully as if the Vice-President was his constitutional adviser.

When Washington declined a re-election, Mr. Adams was chosen his successor—during the administration of Mr. Adams, it is known to most of our readers, party spirit gained an ascendency over the discretion of even wise men, that prudence will ever tremble to contemplate. Mr. Adams, however, felt above its influence, and scorning to offer adherence to those who opposed—and disdaining servility to those who called themselves friends, he was superseded in his office, at a second election, by Mr. Jefferson, with a majority of *four* votes.

Mr. Adams, however, in retirement was no silent spectator of the occurrences of the times—he noticed events and gave his ideas to the public through the medium of the public press.

He was at one time, about 1809, elected by the dominant party of Massachusetts, a candidate for the office of Governor of the state, but he preferred the quiet of his domestic circle—he, however, was chosen president of the convention which in 1820 formed the new Constitution of his native state—this honour, from bodily infirmities, he declined, and received the expression, from *five hundred* delegates, of their most exalted sense of his merits and services.

This is but a slight reference to the various public offices which Mr. Adams filled during the course of his public services—his historian will display them in the engaging and instructive light which they ought to occupy—and if he is true to the great trust he assumes, he will not neglect to describe the domestic virtues of Mr. Adams.

After living to see the works of his hands tried by every test that National experience can dictate, after seeing his son elevated to the highest honours that this earth has to bestow—having his own name associated with the happiness of Ten Millions of grateful people—Mr. Adams left this earth, blest, as few men have been, with a consciousness of having fulfilled the highest destinies for which Providence had marked him, and in the pleasing and supporting hope that brighter *rewards were in store* for him.

A biographical notice of [illegible] JEFFERSON, together with some remarks upon the comparative excellencies of the Second and Third Presidents of our Union, intended for this week, are unavoidably deferred until our next.

WEEKLY COMPENDIUM.

The Rev. Henry B. Bascom, will preach at St. George's Church, North Fourth street, tomorrow morning.

The Spanish fleet, under Com. Laborde, which was off Carthagena on the 14th of June, returned to Havana on the 27th.

The second crop of Corn has been planted in South Carolina from this year's growth.

The amount of duties paid into the State Treasury by the ten Auctioneers of the city of Philadelphia, for the quarter ending on the 31st day of May, exceeds thirty-five thousand dollars.

The floating Bath which usually stands every season, in the Delaware opposite Market street, has undergone a thorough repair, and is now open for the reception of visiters.

The commissioners of the incorporated district of the Northern Liberties have procured the loan of 10,000 dollars, for which they advertised, to build a market-house in Callowhill street, at an interest of 5 per cent. per annum, with a premium of 5 per cent.

The person charged with having robbed Mr. Hansel, and who lately went up our prison spout and down the lightning rod, and was recognized and re-taken in New York, was on Tuesday evening again lodged in Arch-street prison. He was brought from New York by High Constable M'Lean.

The President of the United States arrived in this city on Monday morning, in the Steamboat from Baltimore, and proceeded at noon, in the Trenton Steamboat, to New-York, on his way to the late residence of his deceased Father.

The dead body of a new born infant was discovered on Monday morning in the burial ground of St. Mary's Church.

A capital prize of $5000 remained on hand at GIBBS's Lucky office, in the Odd and Even Lottery which drew on Monday last, at Baltimore. Three of the Capital Prizes were sold at COHEN'S.

The steamboat Norfolk, made her second trip to Cape May on Friday last, with 128 passengers. Fifty-two ladies seated themselves at the dinner table, and were waited upon by the gentlemen.

The gable end of a house, being built on Apple street, above Poplar Lane, Northern Liberties, suddenly gave way, on Tuesday afternoon, while the workmen were employed in their labour. Two men were precipitated from the top of the house—one escaped with some injury; the other, Mr. Isaac Herbert, was crushed to death.

The house of Mrs. Forster, No. 76 Spruce street, was entered on Tuesday morning, about 2 o'clock, by some persons, who stole $30 in money and a quantity of bed and table linen; and while attempting to force open a door, which would have placed the *plate* within their reach, the villains disturbed the family; finding themselves noticed they made their escape with the money and linen.

The loan of 350,000 dollars to complete the Chesapeake Canal for which subscriptions were opened in this city, was all immediately taken at a premium of 3 26, 100 per cent.—The offers exceeded the sum required, we understand, by more than $175,000.

The merchants and traders of Centreville, Maryland, have determined not to receive in exchange for merchandize, notes of any denomination under five dollars.

The following sentiment was given at the late celebration in Boston. The SHOEMAKERS of the REVOLUTION—they risked their little ALL upon the great END, and gave SHORT QUARTERS to the foe, in "the times that tried men's SOULS."

On the summit of Killington Mountain, Vt. which is 3250 ft. above the tide water in Boston harbour—Lake Champlain, Dartmouth College, and a large extent of the valley of the Connecticut can be seen.

Died and was buried, on the 2d May, in the old burial place of the Mohegans, in Norwich, Connecticut, *Ezekiel Mozeen*, aged 27, great grand son of the GREAT UNCAS, who was the friend and protector of the whites, in the infancy of the settlement.

The horse on which General Packenham rode at the battle of New Orleans, and upon which that unfortunate commander received his death wound, is now owned by an inhabitant of Hebron, Conn.

Among the different celebrations of the 4th inst. at Pittsburg, was the launching of a new steamboat of 200 tons burthen, called the JUBILEE, owned by Messrs. Allen, Grant & Co.

Judge Smith is announced in the Charleston papers as a candidate to supply the vacancy occasioned by the death of Mr. John Gaillard, in the Senate of the United States, from the State of South Carolina.

Murdoch Murchison, of Richmond county, North Carolina, and his wife, to whom he has been married a short time, are now confined in the jail of that county on suspicion of being accessary to the murder of his first wife and child, and the burning of his house, which took place in March last.

A gentleman passing through Broadway, New York, last week, says the American, encountered two young women, one of whom turned round, when the other snatched at and secured his gold rimmed spectacles, and both decamped, leaving the unfortunate man in the dark.

About half past 2 o'clock on Tuesday, Capt. Morrison, of the brig Gov. Griswold, while entering the Hook, at New York, fell overboard and was drowned, notwithstanding the boat was immediately let down, and every effort made use of to save him.

The Barnstable paper states that the militia laws are, and always have been disregarded at Nantucket—there has never been a training on the island. The population of Nantucket is about 8000, one fifth of whom are Quakers.

We learn from the Cahawba (Alabama) Press of the 17th ult. that the steamboat Cotton Plant, in descending the Alabama with a load of cotton, struck on a snag on the night of the 15th, about ten miles below Vernon, and sunk stern foremost—most of her cargo would be lost. This same vessel sunk last autumn near Canton.

The late Sampson David, Esq. of Tennessee, has provided in his will, that all his negroes, 22 in number, which are mostly young, should be manumitted in the year 1840, or at his wife's death, should that happen sooner, and has made ample provision for their removal to a foreign colony, or to a free state at their option.

The Newark Sentinel says, that it has been suggested that a public town meeting should be called there to take into consideration the state of the monied institutions of New Jersey; and if possible, adopt measures to exclude from circulation all species of Bank Bills which are not promptly honored by the Banks and mercantile men in this city.

The "ORIENTAL HARP," a neat volume comprising the principal effusions of the "Boston Bard," is just published by Smith & Parmentier, at Providence, R. I. It contains a likeness of the Bard, taken from a portrait drawn at the age of 24 years. The following article is one of merit with which the work abounds.

THE WRECK OF LOVE.

Love's barque was launched on raptures tide,
In beauty's sunniest day;
And fearless on, in conscious pride,
She ploughed her joyous way;
The breeze of bliss her sunny sails
All soft and silent swelled;
O'er dimpled seas, with gentlest gales,
Her careless course she held.

Joy seized the helm;—his wild commands
The pilot, pleasure gave,
The barque to steer to fairy lands,
Where wisdom's folly's slave,
And o'er the glassy surface now
With heedless haste she flies,
While hope sits smiling on the brow,
At hood-winked wisdom's eyes.

But hark 'along the deep has sped
The hallowed dirge of woe;
Joy drops the helm—and hope has fled—
Pale pleasure shrinks below.
Where art thou love?—The billows roar
About thy vessel's deck;
Love wakes upon distraction's shore—
Shame's vortex 'gulfs the wreck.

The subsequent notice of an esteemed portion of our fair countrywomen is from a description by M. M. Noah giving an account of his recent jaunt in the steamboat up the Hudson river to Delhi, N. Y.

"Amidst the rustlings of silk, and the glitter of ornament; amidst the "lights and shades" of character and equipments, I was struck by contrast, with a quaker girl, who underneath a white silk bonnet, displayed a fair complexion, and the radiance of mild blue eyes; a mouth and a forehead which might be considered Grecian, but would pass current as beautiful under any school of architecture, and style of colouring. These quakeresses are hard-hearted creatures, generally speaking; they fling their darts with so much indifference; and gaze upon a dying adonis with so much stoicism. After all said about styles in dress and beauty, it amounts to the same thing at last. A dashing belle flutters by you, adorned in all the extravagance of fashion, and elegance of taste—her auburn ringlets hang in clusters over her polished forehead, her form is symmetry itself, her eyes sparkling, her mouth bewitching—how beautiful, you exclaim; alongside of her sits the Quakeress, her hair combed smoothly behind her ears, and parted in front; an innocent simplicity, and bewitching modesty, steals over her person, her dress neat, not ornamental; how beautiful you exclaim again. It amounts to the same thing—the sum total is the same."

The great prizes of $30,000, and $10,000, in the Grand State (Odd and Even) Lottery, drawn at Baltimore on Wednesday last, were both sold at the office of Messrs. J. I. Cohen, jr. & Brothers. The great luck in the sale of prizes at this office, we have very frequently had occasion to notice heretofore, and our pleasure is the greater now to learn that a portion of the capitals of this Lottery have fallen to our favoured city.

JOHN SERGEANT, Esq. at the request of the City Councils, has consented to deliver an oration on the deaths of THOMAS JEFFERSON and JOHN ADAMS, on the 24th inst. in the Hall of Independence, which place, by a resolve of that body, is to be hung in black for the space of six months, and the members of both Councils are to wear crape on the left arm for the same period.

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVALS SINCE OUR LAST.

Schr. Superior, Turner, Kingston, Ja. via Lazaretto, maize.
Ship North America, Riddle, Rotterdam, via Lazaretto, mdze.
Brig Hero, Glover, New-Orleans, via Lazaretto, mdze.
Brig Hamlet, Hutchinson, 20 days from Trinidad de Cuba, molasses, &c.
Brig James Lawrence, Webb, 22 days from Fernandina, sugar.
Brig Mary, Wheeler, 22 days from Barbadoes, sugar.
Schr. John & William, Stratton, 40 days from Madeira, wine.
Brig Hercules, Harding, New-Orleans, via Lazaretto, mdze.
Brig Milton, Fisher, 10 days from Boston, mdze.
—— Volant, Powers, 6 days from New York, plaister.
Schr. Sea Gull, M'Leod, 16 days from St. Johns, (N. B.) mdze.
Brig Reindeer, Knight, 10 days from Portland, mdze.
Brig Orbit, Green, 30 days from Vera Cruz, cochineal, &c.

CLEARANCES.

Brig Mars, Wise, Londonderry.
Ship Charles Adams, Henderson, Richmond.
Brig James Lawrence, Tears, South America.
—— Mary Ann, Howland, Cape Haytien.
—— Hunter, Latour, Bordeaux.
Schr. Cherub, Lueb, Kingston, Ja.
—— Maryland, Fireside, Havana.
Brig Palm, Lincoln, Boston.
—— Philadelphia, Auchinleck, Havana.
Barque Hamilton, Williams, [illegible] Andrews.

MARRIED,

On Wednesday evening, the 12th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Chandler, Mr. WILLIAM LAWSON to Miss MARY SMITH, all of the N. Liberties.

On the 10th inst. by Joseph Watson, Esq. Mayor, Mr. JOSEPH ROGERS, to Miss JANE OLIVER, both of this city.

On Tuesday evening, the 11th inst. by the Rev. Peter Wells, Mr. JOHN LENFESTY, to Miss MARIA LOUISA FRANK.

On Sunday evening, the 2d inst. by the Rev. D. Abercrombie, Mr. ROBERT PAUL, to Miss MARY CARDIFF, both of this city.

On Thursday evening, the 6th inst. by the Rev. Michael Hurley, Mr. BENJAMIN F. HODGES, to Miss ELIZA CECELIA only daughter of Joseph Harrison, all of the Northern Liberties.

On Sunday, the 2d inst. at Frankford, Pa. by George R. Fraley, Esq. Mr. JAMES CROFT, to Miss LAVINIA STATES, both of Bucks county.

On the 10th inst. by Elder F. Plummer, Mr. JAMES BRANDT, to Miss JANE RANDALL.

On Thursday, the 13th inst. by the Rev. T. Shaffer, Mr. SELLERS HITTLE, of the Northern Liberties, to Miss JANE PHILLIPS TAYLOR, of Nottington, Montgomery county, Penn.

On the 12th instant at New York, by the Rev. Mr. Onderdonk, JOHN S. SMITH, Jr. of this city, to CATHARINE, eldest daughter of Charles Town, Esq. of the former city.

DIED.

On Thursday afternoon, Mrs. MARY DARIS, wife of Captain Nicholas Daris, aged 45 years.

On Thursday evening, Mr. NEIL MATTISON, a native of Scotland, aged 72 years.

On Tuesday evening last, Mrs JULIA REES wife of Henry T. Rees.

On Thursday, ISAAC ERBERT, Bricklayer, of the Northern Liberties, aged 26 years.

On Monday morning last, suddenly, Mr THOMAS MAQUART, in the 30th year of his age.

On Saturday, the 8th instant, Mrs. RACHEL DANENHOWER, wife of Mr. Charles Danenhower, in the 37th year of her age.

On Thursday, the 11th inst. on Tottam Farm, Bucks county, Pa. after a long illness, Mr. ROBERT PALETHORP, formerly of this city, in the 54th year of his age.

On Tuesday evening last, Mrs. MARY H KEECH, wife of John Keech, aged 30 years.

On Tuesday evening, of a short but painful illness, Captain LEMUEL HAWLEY, aged 56.

On Monday afternoon last, Mr. PETER J RICHARD, in the 28th year of his age.

On Sunday afternoon, the 9th inst. after a protracted and lingering illness, CATHARINE, wife of Joseph Jones, in the 47th year of her age.

On Thursday evening Mr ISAAC MORTON an old and respectable inhabitant of the District of Southwark, in the 84th year of his age.

On the 7th inst. after a protracted illness, Mr SAMUEL GLASS, in the 47th year of his age.

On the 11th inst. Mr SAMUEL BURNSON, a native of Baltimore, aged 26 years.

On Tuesday morning, after a short, but distressing illness, LEWIS DEFFEBACH, Esq. late Justice of the Peace in the Northern Liberties in the 35th year of his age.

On Thursday morning last, Mr. ARCHIBALD LIGGETT, aged 49 years, a native of this city, but for the last twenty years a resident of the Island of St. Thomas.

On Thursday morning last, Mrs. PRUDENCE WELSH, wife of Mr. John Welsh.

On Friday morning, the 7th inst. at Sunbury, REES KEYSER, son of Charles Keyser, aged 25.

On the 6th of April last, at Monte Video, Mr WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, eldest son of James Whitehead, Esq. of this city.

On the 9th inst. of dropsy in the brain, PETER RUE, aged 2 years and 6 months.

On Friday evening, the 7th inst. SARAH W. infant daughter of J. Howe, Stereotype Founder.

On Tuesday afternoon, JOHN, infant son of William S. Rick, aged 16 months.

On Thursday morning last, JOHN W. son of Mr. James Pidgeon.

At New York, the illustrious patriot and jurist the Hon. LUTHER MARTIN, he died without a groan and from mere decay of nature, aged 82.

In the stage, while passing from Avon Springs to Rochester, N. Y. whither he had been for his health, Mr. ORMOND SPALDING, one of the editors of the Album, in the 24th year of his age.

On Sunday morning last, at Washington, suddenly, Mr. HENRY HOOPER, in the 23d year of his age. His death, it is supposed, was occasioned by an immoderate use of cold water.

On Tuesday, the 27th ult. near Princeton, N. J. after a short but severe illness, JOHN H. PEACOCK, aged 23 years, son of the late Mr. David Peacock. The deceased was a young man most esteemed and beloved by a large circle of acquaintance.

PRICES CURRENT.

Grain,	Wheat, bushel,		95 a 100
	Rye,		77 a 80
	Corn,		80 a 85
	do. South,		75 a 79
	Barley (none in market)		
	Oats,		45 a 50
Flour,	Wheat, S. F. bbl.		4 1-8 a 4 66
	Rye,		4 1-4
	Corn Meal,	$18 50 hhd.	3 75 bbl.
Hams, Jersey and others,			8 a 10
Feathers,			30 a 35
Fish,	Mackarel, No. 1,		6
	No. 2,		5
	No. 3,		2 75 a 3
	Shad, No. 1,		7 1-2 a 8
	No. 2,		6 3-4 a 7
Plaster of Paris, per ton,			4 00 a 4 50
Pork, Jersey and Penn.			9 a 12
Salt,	Liverpool fine, bush.		46 a 40
	Turks Island,		54 a 55
	Liverpool ground,		47 a 48
	Lisbon,		45 a 47
	St. Ubes,		46 a 47
Whiskey, hhds.			32 a —
—— bbls.			33 a —

Deaths during the past week.

	Adults.	Children.	Total.
Philadelphia,	32	63	94
New-York,	41	48	89
Baltimore,	18	36	54

BOARDING.

GENTLEMEN, Ladies or Families can be accommodated by the month, week or year, at White Hall, Bristol, and every exertion made to give satisfaction, by

Mrs. MARY TAYLOR.

Likewise commodious coach-house and stables.

july 15—1t*

ROWLEY & ALBURGER, PLUMBERS,

REMOVED to the corner of Carpenter and Decatur streets, directly in the rear of the Arcade, Manufacture Lead Pipes of all sizes, warranted superior to any imported. On hand, SMALL IRON PIPES, which will be fixed on reasonable terms. HYDRANTS of all kinds made, fixed and repaired. july 15—tf

REMOVAL.

THE FRANKLIN CIRCULATING LIBRARY, is removed to No. 8 North Second street, fourth door above Vine street, West side, where may be had all the Late Publications and likewise a Choice Collection of the most admired Novels, Romances, Tales, &c.

TERMS OF THE LIBRARY.

Subscribers pay, in advance, $[illegible] per annum, 2 75 for six months, 1 50 for three months, or 75 cents for 1 month, with the priviledge of changing Books daily.

Non-subscribers pay 6 1-4 cents for the loan of a duodecimo or smaller volume per week.

A general assortment of Books and Stationary, at very reduced prices. july 15—3t*

REMOVAL.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has removed from No. 112 Market, to to No. 41 N. Second, between Market and Arch sts. where he continues to manufacture Umbrellas and Parasols of the latest and most approved fashions, and warranted workmanship, which he offers for sale, wholesale and retail. All Umbrellas and Parasols, sold retail, will be kept in repair for 3 months gratis.

He also manufactures Walking Canes, and has on hand a general assortment, which he offers wholesale and retail, at lower prices than they can be purchased elsewhere.

NEHEMIAH SLEEPER.

N. B. Whale-bone prepared for bonnets and other uses, kept as usual.

Cash paid for Buck horns. 7 mo 15—3t

TO PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS.

J. HOWE, returns his most grateful acknowledgements for the custom with which he has been favored since his residence in the city of Philadelphia. He now wishes to acquaint them, that he keeps constantly on hand an enlarged and improved assortment of the most beautiful Job Type to be found in the United States, and can also furnish, at as short notice as any person in the United States, any part of the whole apparatus in every material, for a Printing Office, of any magnitude. As to Prices—the the type will be the same as in New-York; and his other materials will be found as low as articles of the same quality can be had for, in this city. And, as he has spent a considerable portion of his life at the printing business, he flatters himself that he is capable of judging of the *utility*, as well as *quality*, of materials in general.

He has been for some time, and still is sole agent in this city for the sale of the WASHINGTON PRINTING PRESS, invented by Mr. *Samuel Rust*, of New-York.—The best recommendation of which, he can give, is, that in about 2 1-2 years, he has disposed of what have amounted to about [illegible] 4,000—which have given general satisfaction.

A general assortment of MATHER'S PRINTING INK is kept for sale, which, is not inferior to any in market.

As a STEREOTYPE FOUNDER he has only to say, that he having been some years longer engaged in the business, than any other person now practising it in this country and having *competent* workmen employed, feels capable of "*executing orders for Stereotype Plates for works of any magnitude, with ACCURACY, elegance and dispatch.*"

Stereotype Cuts of a quality superior to any offered for sale in the United States, (except in such establishments as purchase them of him.)

J. H. is sole Agent in Philadelphia, for *P. Smith's* Patent STEREOTYPE BLOCKS, manufactured by *R. Hoe & Co.* New-York, which Blocks are every way far superior to any yet invented.

ON HAND FOR SALE—The Stereotype plates of a Pearl Bible which have been used to print 5000 copies, on good paper—together with 7 handsome Engravings, which have had only about 300 impressions of them, or together with 2 sets of Blocks, boxes, &c. The Bible is comprised in 41 forms, (61-2 sheets) Medium 24's, and is the handsomest and best in the country; price very low, and terms accommodating.

N. B. It is the only set of Medium 24's in the U. S. there being only one set beside and that 12's.

Also, on hand, a 12 mo. School Bible—comprising in about 660 pp. Demy 12's, or Super-royal 18's—only 2 sets of this are taken, one of which will remain in this city—the other, for sale, on reasonable terms.

Also, Murray's Introduction and Reader. Apply to

J. HOWE.

At his Stereotype Foundry, and Printers Ware-House, corner of Crown and Callowhill-street Philadelphia

july 15—4t

CRAVEN'S HOTEL & FERRY, OPPOSITE NEW CASTLE.

For Salem, New Jersey, by the Union Line Steam Boats.

PASSENGERS will leave Philadelphia every day in one of the Union Line Steam Boats, at [illegible] o'clock, and be landed at Craven's Ferry, where Carriages will be in readiness to convey them to Salem. The same Stages will leave Salem every evening; passengers will lodge at the Ferry, and take the morning Boat, and be landed in Philadelphia between 7 and 10 o'clock, A. M. By this route persons may have several hours in the city and return the same day to Salem.

AFTERNOON LINE.

A Stage will leave Salem every day (Sunday excepted) between 12 and 1 o'clock, for Philadelphia.

This line is now in full operation, and the subscriber pledges himself that no exertions shall be wanting to accommodate the public, on his part. His house, during the last season, has undergone a complete repair and an addition of two rooms forty-two feet long by fifteen feet wide, has been made, which enables him to accommodate parties of pleasure or boarders. The situation is pleasant, the shore elegant for bathing, the neighbourhood the best in the country for game.

Sportsmen and parties, by notice, can be furnished with horses and carriages at all times.

The Ferry as usual, is kept up with good Boats for hire, &c for New Castle, Wilmington, Fort Delaware, Delaware City Canal, &c.

All baggage at the risk of the owner.

july 15—4t RICHARD CRAVEN

"'Tis Strange—'Tis Passing Strange"—

THAT many who outrage the beneficent Goddess, Fortune, by vociferous complaints against her, either contemptuously reject her proffered favor, or the avenue that leads to her temple, inviting entrance, has escaped their drowsy vision. It is DECKER'S OFFICE—He is her vicegerent and will furnish those who avail themselves of the precious opportunity with passports to her [illegible]—Remember, it was he who recently dealt out to her votaries the pleasant donations of [illegible] 1,000 [illegible] 10,500, 10,000, 5,000, &c. &c. drawn from the coffers of various Lotteries, and he will now supply such as call for them in time, with legitimate titles to most of the treasures of the UNION CANAL LOTTERY, 2d class, new series, to be drawn the 25th of July, 1826, of which this is the

SCHEME.

1	Prize of	$20,000	$20,000
1		6,000	6,000
1		1,930	1,930
10		1,000	10,000
20		500	10,000
23		250	5,750
104		100	10,400
104		50	5,200
208		20	4,160
1,040		10	10,400
10,608		5	53,040

Tickets $5, shares in proportion, in a great variety of numbers, for sale at P. I. DECKER'S Lottery and Exchange Office, N. W. corner of Third and Chesnut streets.

N. B. Doubloons, Guineas, Sovereigns, and American Gold, bought and sold on the best terms. Also, City notes discounted. july 15—tf

FOR SALE.

CEDAR BATHING TUBS—also all kinds of Cedar ware wholesale and retail, which will be disposed of at the lowest terms. Country merchants and others will find it to their interest to call, as it is extensively manufactured by the subscriber.

N. B. Wanted two boys as apprentices to the above business—boys from the country would be prefered.

M. COX,

july 15 3t N. W. Corner of Market & Sixth sts.

Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavour.

FROM THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

THE RAINBOW.

The evening was glorious, and light through the trees
Play'd in sunshine, the rain drops, the birds and the breeze;
The landscape, outstretching, in loveliness lay
On the lap of the year in the beauty of May.

For the queen of the spring, as she passed down the vale,
Left her robe on the trees, and her breath on the gale;
And the smile of her promise gave joy to the hours,
And flush in her footsteps sprang herbage and flowers.

The skies like a banner in sunset unroll'd,
O'er the west threw their splendor of azure and gold;
But one cloud at a distance rose dense, and increas'd,
'Till its margin of black touched the zenith and east.

We gaz'd on these scenes, while around us they glow'd,
When a vision of beauty appeared on the cloud;
'Twas not like the sun; as at mid day we view,
Nor the moon, that rolls lightly thro' starlight and blue.

Like a spirit it came in the van of a storm,
And the eye and the heart hailed its beautiful form;
For it look'd not severe, like an angel of wrath,
But its garments of brightness illum'd its dark path.

In the hues of its grandeur sublimely it stood,
O'er the river, the village, the field and the wood;
And river, field, village, and woodland grew bright,
As conscious they gave and afforded delight.

'Twas the bow of Omnipotence bent in his hand,
Whose grasp at creation the universe spann'd;
'Twas the presence of God, in a symbol sublime,
His vow from the flood to the exit of time;

Not dreadful as when in a whirlwind he pleads,
When storms are his chariot, and lightning his steeds;
The black cloud of vengeance his banner unfurled,
And thunder his voice to a guilt stricken world;

In the breath of his presence, when thousands expire,
And seas boil with fury, and rocks burn with fire,
And the sword and the plague spot with death strew the plain,
And vultures and wolves are the graves of the slain.

Not such was that rainbow, that beautiful one!
Whose arch was refraction, its key stone—the sun;
A pavilion it seemed, with a Deity graced,
And justice and mercy met there and embraced.

Awhile, and it sweetly bent over the gloom,
Like Love o'er a death couch, or hope o'er the tomb;
Then left the dark scene, whence it slowly retired,
As Love had just vanished, or hope had expired.

I gazed not alone on the source of my song;
To all who beheld it these verses belong;
Its presence to all was the path of the Lord!
Each full heart expanded, grew warm and adored.

Like a visit—the converse of friend—or a day,
That bow from my sight pass'd forever away,
Like that visit, that converse, that day, to my heart,
That bow from remembrance can never depart.

'Tis a picture in memory distinctly defined,
With the strong and imperishing colors of mind;
A part of my being beyond my control,
Beheld on the cloud, and transcribed on my soul.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

ANECDOTES—ORIGINAL.

By Peter S——r.

A person at the theatre observed to another, "that performer is a Jack ass"—this he repeated several times—until the other carelessly observed—I presume, Sir, 'tis nothing but reflection. Nothing else, I assure you, replied the fellow, for I see your likeness there.

A person just out of the Penitentiary making himself very conspicuous in the lobbies of the theatre, observed to a person beside him that he always watched the actions of a performer with the eye of a Lynx. I would think, replied a person present, that after so recent an escape from *links* he would never peep through them again.

A sailor meeting a friend in the street, was asked how he liked being on shore—not at all—why so—oh, nothing but this—I was put in limbo for helping myself to a pair of shoes.—You stole 'em—no, not I, for the fellow had wrote underneath them, selling off less than cost—so I concluded he was robbing his creditors, and I thought of coming in for some of the prize money.

An Irishman meeting a very tall man in the street, cried out, by my faith, if I was as tall as you, and you as small as me, what a pair of grenadiers we'd make—that's a bull, cries a byestander, then get out of the way, honey, for he might take you for a calf, and toss you over his head.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am a word of five letters, and am prized for beauty, utility, and strength; omit my third letter, and I accompany every gentleman of fashion in his evening walks—transpose my 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th, and I am what a bad bruise is—insert a vowel between my 2d and 3d, and I dwell with the imprudent—transpose my whole and I rejoice the weather beaten sailor—change my first letter, and in a short time I would begin to decay—transpose my 1st, 2d, 4th and 5th, and it must be a poor man indeed who does not own me—transpose my 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th, and I am a fragrant flower—add a letter to my 2d, 3d and 5th, and I am owned by all the human family—lastly, add my third to the last mentioned thing, (transposed) and sleepers sound my praise. DECIUS.

PUZZLE

Combine my whole (which is composed of eight letters,) and I give you the name of one of the greatest writers that ever existed.—Whoever makes out this puzzle is certainly my 1st, 3d, 5th, 6th and 8th, transposed—transpose my 3d, 4th, 6th and 8th, and I am used to cover houses—transpose my 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th, and I am part of an animal—transpose my 4th, 5th and 8th, and I am a plant—transpose my 3d, 4th, 5th and 8th, and I am a bird—transpose my 1st, 3d, 5th and 8th, and I am every day in the market (Sunday excepted)—transpose my 4th, 5th and 7th, and I am a small animal—transpose the same again, and I am much used on board of vessels—transpose my 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 6th and 8th, and I am a flower—transpose my 3d, 5th, 7th and 8th, and I am indispensable to the eye—transpose my 1st, 3d, 6th, 7th and 8th, and I am a part of the human body—transpose my 3d, 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th, and I figure in one of Mr. Cooper's novels—transpose my 1st, 2d, 3d, 6th and 8th, and I am a colour—transpose my 2d, 5th and 7th, and I am very useful to a boat—transpose my 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 7th and 8th, and I exist in the province of Venezuela—transpose my 2d, 4th, 6th and 7th, and I am often sung at a musical entertainment—transpose my 5th, 6th and 7th, and I am felt but not seen—transpose my 3d, 5th, 6th and 7th, and I appertain to a fence—whoever is my 1st, 3d, 6th and 8th transposed, is of a low character—for my 2d, 4th, 6th and 7th, transposed, see England—transpose my 1st, 2d, 3d, and 6th, and I am a musical instrument—whoever is my 3d, 5th, 6th and 7th (transposed,) has no honour—transpose my 1st, 4th, 6th, 7th and 8th, and I have proved an excellent improvement in a certain article much used in this city; it is to be hoped that the *sellers* will not destroy the *dialogue*; if they do the article will certainly raise in price—transpose my 1st, 3d, 6th and 8th, and many a charming eye I conceal—transpose my 1st, 3d, 5th and 8th, and I am verdant in summer and dreary in winter—transpose my 4th, 6th, 7th and 8th, and I number three in the Philadelphia Theatre—transpose my 3d, 5th, 7th and 8th, and I am a Spanish coin—transpose my 4th, 5th, 7th and 8th, and I am allowed by merchants in the way of trade—transpose my 1st, 2d, 3d and 8th, and many a damsel has felt me—transpose my 2d, 3d and 6th, and I am an article of commerce at the Eastward—transpose my 2d, 3d and 4th, and *Terah* was my grand father—transpose my 1st, 3d, 5th, 6th and 7th, and I am a very incommodious article in courtship—if you want my 3d, 4th, 5th and 8th (transposed,) apply to Sir Walter Scott—transpose my 3d, 5th, 7th and 8th, and I am one of Mr. Kean's best characters—transpose my 1st, 3d, 5th and 6th, and I am used by druggists—transpose my 3d, 5th, 7th and 8th, and I am a title of nobility. E.

Oh! that mine enemy would—take ☞A NEWSPAPER.☜

From the Louisiana Advertiser.

John! Oh John!—do you hear? run to neighbor Liberal's and ask him if he will oblige me by the loan of the morning's paper a few moments, just to look at the ship-news and the advertisements.

"That's just what I said yesterday morning, daddy, when I went to borrow the paper, and you know you kept it two hours and he was obliged to send for it."

"Well then, say something else to him, John, do you hear John? and give him my compliments, John, do you hear?

"Yes daddy."—*(Exit and returns.)*

"Well John, have you got the paper?"

"No daddy, neighbor Liberal is walking about the room waiting for Mr. Newsmonger to finish reading the Louisiana Advertiser, or Mr. Longwind to drop the gazette, which he has got almost asleep over."

"This is provoking! I wonder why they dont take the papers themselves and not be troubling their neighbors."

"Why dont you take a paper, daddy?"

"Why—why—if I did, I never could get a chance to read it. An impertinent set of spongers!—go again, John. There must be one out of four liberated, and I know it will give neighbor Liberal pleasure to gratify me only for a moment."

"Well John, what success?"

"Can't get a paper, daddy—Mr. Liberal has got the Mercantile Advertiser away from Mr. Scriblerus, and Mr. Dolittle is looking over his shoulder while he reads it, and he'll want it next."

"This is beyond all bearing; it is now 7 o'clock, and I suppose I must wait till after breakfast before I can get the news, and who the d—l *(in a violent passion)* would give a sumarkee to read a newspaper after breakfast.—Do you hear, John, go again, John, and wait till one or the other of the papers is out of the hands of these infernal gormandizing monopolizers, and be sure to catch it, John, and then tell Mr. Liberal, that I will return it instantly, do you hear, John?"

"Yes, daddy"—*(Exit)*——*(Enter Swallow.)*

"Good morning, neighbor Eagernoos—any thing noo?"

"News! fire and faggots, I have sent a dozen times to Liberal there, to request the loan of his paper, only for a moment, and he has the impertinence to refuse me."

"Refuse you?"

"Not exactly refuse me, but he permits such fellows as Longwind, Neitherside, Scriblerus, and Newsmonger, to pour over them for hours, not only (through a mistaken courtesy,) depriving himself, but his neighbors, from getting early intelligence of what is passing in the world."

"My goodness!—be they reading 'em now."

"Yes." *(sighing.)*

"Well, that's abominable! Why don't you take a Noospaper yourself?"

"Why don't you take one? you are always enquiring after "Noos" as you call it."

"Why, I did take one, but the printer dont leave it at my house any more 'cause I backled about the price, and would'nt pay him."

"That's a good reason for the printer, if none for you. Well, John did you get the paper?"

"No, daddy, just as that Mr. Neitherside was done, in came Mr. Hookit, and Mr. Knabit, and I came back."

"Confound my ill luck!—go back, do you hear? and ask Mr. Liberal if he will be kind enough—do you hear? kind enough to lend me any northern paper he may have, or if he has not one, ask him to lend me yesterday's paper again, or the day before, or the day before that, or last Saturday's, or do you hear? any of the last week's papers, do you hear?"

"Yes, daddy."

"I am determined on going right away and subscribe for a newspaper: I will not be so pestered with the trouble of borrowing from unaccomodating neighbors."

"You are right, Mr. Eagernoos, the printers only ax five dollars right down—and then you have a whole year to pay t'other five dollars in, and then you can dispute the bill, and they will send the noospaper three months after that afore it is settled—them folks what brings the paper always throw it into a house what had taken it, never thinking the subscriber is done over."

"Here comes John—well John, have you got the paper?"

"No, daddy, the neighbors borrowed all the old papers, and Miss Parrot sent to get the morning's papers as soon as they were done with."

"The devil she did—then I may hang up my fiddle till sundown, for when she begins to read, 'tis from alpha to omega. Give me my hat John, do you hear? Never mind breakfast; neighbor Swallow, will you accompany me to the printing office? I will subscribe immediately, five dollars did you say? I will give twenty-five dollars before I would suffer such impertinences. If I lend *my paper* I wish I may be—."

The author of "Six Months in the West Indies" says—

"In consequence of the large white population in Barbadoes there exists a class of people which I did not meet with in any other of the islands. By the laws of the colony, every estate is obliged to maintain a certain number of whites in proportion to its extent. These men are called the Tenantry, and have an indefeasible interest for their lives in a house and garden upon the respective plantations. They owe no fealty to the landlord, make him no acknowledgment, and entertain no kind of gratitude towards him. The militia is principally composed of these persons, and with the exception of that service, the greatest part of them live in a state of complete idleness, and are usually ignorant and debauched to the last degree. They will often walk half over the island to demand alms, and if you question them about their mode of life and habits of daily labor, they stare in your face as if they were actually unable to comprehend the meaning of your discourse. The women who will work at all, find employment in washing and mending the clothes of the negroes, and it is notorious that in many cases whole families of these free whites depend for their subsistence on the charity of the slaves. Yet they are as proud as Lucifer himself, and in virtue of their freckled ditch water faces consider themselves on a level with every gentleman in the island.—A woman of this class, in extreme distress, asked for a quarter dollar, for less than that they will not take. Upon her complaining of the expense of candles, and a friend of mine asking her why she did not burn oil, as he himself did, she answered with a turn of her nose, "I hope I am too scornful to burn oil.""

Theatrical Correspondence.

Faithful Copies of Letters between Hopkins and Wild, Prompters to the Monopolizers.

"Drury Lane, Nov. 9.

"*Dear Wild*—For pity's sake, lend me a couple of *conspirators* for to-night. Recollect you have borrowed one of ours for a singing Druid, and another of our best is Doge of Venice, on *Parker's* resignation.

"Entirely and devotedly yours,
"HOPKINS."

Covent Garden, Nov. 9.

"*My Dear Hopkins*—I have ordered them to look you out two of our greatest assassins, and I'll take care they shall go shaved and sober. Pray tell *Farren* he must play our Archbishop to-morrow; we'll cut the part, that he may dress time enough afterwards for your General in *the Camp*.

"Yours perpetually, WILD.

"P. S.—If you have a full moon to spare, I wish you'd lend it to us for Thursday. I send you some lightning that I can venture to recommend."

"Covent Garden, Nov. 11.

"*Dear Hopkins*—Pray how shall we manage with *Smith* to-morrow? I depend on your lending him to us for *Harry the Fifth*, but now I see you have put him up for *Charles Surface*. Could'nt you let him come and play us two acts of *Harry*, as you do not want him in *Charles* till your *third*. And then *Hull* shall read the rest, with an apology of *Smith's* being suddenly hoarse, sprained his ancle, &c.

"Cordially yours, WILD.

"P. S.—My Vestal Virgin gets so cursed clumsy, I wish you'd lend us *Mrs. Robinson* for a night."

Drury Lane, Nov. 11.

"*Dear Wild*—By *particular desire*, our Vestal is not transferable, but we have a spare VENUS and duplicate JUNO; so send a hackney-coach for whichever suits you. The scheme for *Smith* wont do—but change your play to any thing; for we'll tack the *Camp* to the *School for Scandal*, to secure you an overflow.

"Thoroughly yours, HOPKINS."

"Covent Garden, Nov. 12.

"*My Dear Fellow*—Here's the Devil to do about our Tuesday's Pantomime; the blacksmith can't repair our great Serpent till Friday; and the old Camel that we thought quite sound has broke down at rehearsal; so pray send us your Elephant by the bearer, and a small Tiger, with the longest tail you can pick out. I must trouble you for a dozen of your best dancing Shepherd's for this night; for though I see you'll want them for *highwaymen* in the *Begger's Opera*, they will be quite in time for us afterwards.

"Forever completely yours, WILD."

Drury Lane, Nov. 12.

"*Dear Wild*—I just write you a line while the Beasts are packing up, to beg you'll not be out of spirits, as you may depend on the Shepherds, and any other animals you have occasion for. I have orders to acquaint you too, that as we don't use *Henderson* for *Falstaff* on Friday, you may have him for *Bosworth Field*, only begging you'll return them in time for *Coxheath*.

"Totally yours, HOPKINS."

"P. S.—Lend me a *Cupid*, mine has got the measles."

"Covent Garden, Nov. 12.

"*Dear Hopkins*—Thank you for *Henderson* and soldiers. Do let them bring their helmets, for ours are tinning. The bearer is our Cupid, at a shilling a night, finding his own wings.

"Genuinely yours, WILD."

TO THE LADIES.

The following are humbly recommended as necessary requisites for a Lady's Toilet:—A fine eye water *Benevolence*.—Best white paint *Innocence*.—A mixture giving sweetness to the voice, *Mildness* and *Truth*.—A wash to prevent wrinkles—*Contentment*.—Best rouge, *Modesty*.—A pair of most valuable ear rings, *Attention*.—A universal beautifyer, *Good Humour*.—A lip salve, *Cheerfulness*.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

This is none other than the christian rule. A man of policy is courteous, a proud man is haughty, a superficial man is ceremonious, but a true Christian is frank, sincere and unaffected. He not only does to others what he might reasonably expect that they would do to him, but *thinks* candidly and justly, and puts a candid construction upon human conduct.

'There is nothing so *bastely*,' continued Murphy in his criticism on bad manners, 'so unmannerly nor so ridiculous, at the dinner table, as to see a man trying *till* deafen o'body wi' his jabber, while his mouth is so full of *buff* and *potatoes*, that he can't say a word!'

Dr. Morse, of Elizabethtown, N. J. had several winter mornings, discovered that much of his wood had disappeared during the night. He therefore set up one night to watch, to detect the marauder. About midnight, he saw one of his neighbors come to his pile, shoulder a large log, and bear it off. The Doctor immediately followed him at a distance with another load. The neighbour came to his own door, threw down his log—when the Doctor also threw down his load on the top of it, exclaiming—*There, d—n you, there's small wood to burn with your log!*"

DON QUIXOTTE.

M. De Rocca in his Memoirs of the invasion of Spain by Bonaparte, states, that when the French Troops entered *Toboso*, so celebrated as the residence of Don Quixotte's Dulcinea, they spared the inhabitants from the usual horrors of war from regard to the heroine of Cervantes. As soon as the French soldiers saw a woman at the windows, they cried out laughingly, 'there is Dulcinea!'—Their gaiety tranquilized the inhabitants; and witticisms upon Dulcinea and Don Quixotte became a bond of union between our soldiers and the inhabitants, and the French being well received treated their hosts with civility."

HARD AT BOTTOM.

A young fellow riding down a steep hill, and doubting the foot of it was boggish, called out to a clown that was ditching, and asked him if it was hard at the bottom? Aye, answered the countryman, it is hard enough at the bottom, I'll warrant you. But in half a dozen steps the horse sunk up to the saddle girths, which made the young gallant whip, spur, curse and swear. Why, thou lying rascal, said he to the ditcher, didst thou not tell me it was hard at the bottom? Aye, replied the other, but you are not half way to the bottom yet.

A COMPLIMENT.

A gentleman complimenting Madame Denis on her personation of Zara, was informed by the lady, that to act the part, a person should be young and handsome, 'Ah, madam,' replied he, 'you are a proof to the contrary.'

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TO EDWIN FORREST.

Child of the Drama! hail!—all hail to thee,
The youthful favorite of melpomene—
Upon the circle of whose infant brow,
She placed the wreath that blooms upon it now.
Some years have passed since first I knew to lie
Within the radiance of thy beaming eye,
And heard that voice, which now has learned to roll
In floods of tenderness upon the soul,
Pour forth its tones of boyish melody,
Like twilight music o'er the troubled sea;—
While yet the blush that dwelt upon thy cheek
Was like the sun-tint on some snowy peak,
And the fair casket had not yet revealed
The mental treasures which it then concealed.
But now, arrived at manhood, we behold
The promised glories of thy youth unfold,
And see thy lately almost unknown name
Mounting with rapid strides the hill of fame;—
Or rather urging a refulgent flight,
All eagle-like, to bask in mid-day light.
The voice that once in Norval could allure,
Now breathes the sorrows of the injured Moor—
Or learns in Rolla's heart-wrung grief to swell,
Or speaks, with patriot heat, the soul of Tell;
Or shrieks the terrors of Earl Osmond's fear,
Or plaintive, mourns the "once loved friend" of Pierre.
The muse, while thus she greets thee, fain would say
May Virtue's star still guide thy radiant way;
Be thine the care by her advice to run,
And shun those errors which have oft undone
Many, who otherwise might long have been
The grace of public and of private scene.
Long may'st thou be the pride of this our age,
Admired when on, beloved when off the stage.

RAVENSWOOD.

Z. HARBERT, Dentist,

NORTH WEST corner of Ninth and Filbert streets. Teeth sett neatly at a moderate charge; the Teeth Cleaned, Filed and Plugged for two dollars.
july 15—3t*

A CARD.

THE Manager of the Grand University Lottery of Maryland respectfully informs his friends and the public, that upon canvassing the sales in the 8th class up to this period, he finds it will not be prudent or safe for him to proceed with the drawing on the 3th inst. Persons holding tickets in that class, can return them if agreeable, or exchange them for tickets in other lotteries. In consequence of the above, he has the pleasure of presenting to the public the 9th class of the UNIVERSITY LOTTERY, which will positively draw in the city of Baltimore on the 18th of next month. The Scheme contains prizes of

$20,000, | $5,000, | $1,308,
$10,000, | $2,500, | $1,000,

And numerous others of 500, 100, 50, &c.
Tickets at five dollars, shares in proportion.
A considerable portion of this Lottery is put up in packages of 17 tickets, each of which is warranted to draw 38 dollars, less the 15 per cent. deducted by the State, with so many chances for the capital prizes.
Orders post paid, enclosing the cash, for one ticket or more will be thankfully received and promptly attended to, if addressed to P. CANFIELD, Philadelphia.
Baltimore, June, 1826. july 8—tf

DRAWING.

THE drawing day of the Union Canal Lottery, No. 23, is fast approaching, and leaves but little time to adventurers to make their investments. On WEDNESDAY, the 26th inst. it will be drawn in Philadelphia, and the whole completed in one drawing, when must be distributed to fortunate adventurers, prizes to the amount of *One Hundred and Thirty-six Thousand Dollars.*
The Capital Prizes are large, compared with the low price of Tickets—and for the small investment of $5, may be obtained the TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.
Tickets may be had in whole or shares, in packages or certificates, price $5 00 | Quarters $1 25; Halves 2 50 | Eighths 62
In a great variety of Numbers at

J. I. COHEN, Jr. & BROTHERS,

Lottery and Exchange Office, No. 35 South Third street.
Orders from abroad, enclosing prize tickets or cash, post paid, meet the most prompt attention. Address
J. I. COHEN, Jr. & BROTHERS, Philadelphia.
July 8—tf

EXTRAORDINARY LUCK!!

ROBERTSON & LITTLE, No. 28 Market street, Wilmington, Del. have the pleasure to announce to the public, that the two high prizes in the Delaware State Lottery, which drew at Wilmington on Monday last, the 3d of July, in the presence of the Managers, and Commissioners appointed by the Governor, to superintend the drawing of said Lottery, viz:

10,000 DOLLARS, 4,000 DOLLARS,

Were actually sent to their Office, No. 43 South Third street, Philadelphia, in order to fulfil orders sent from that Establishment, and from thence, fortunately fell into needy and deserving hands. This, in addition to their singular good luck in other lotteries lately drawn, has given their office justly a celebrity which few others, if any, can lay claim to.
Tickets and Shares for sale at their office, No. 43 South Third street, in the Union Canal Lottery, to be drawn on the 26th inst. on very reasonable terms. july 8—tf

A CURIOSITY.

A MR. GIBBS, Lottery Broker, of this city, has been [illegible] exhibiting in this state a curious piece of [illegible] said to be the work of an Italian artist. It [illegible] 3 1-2 inches long, 2 1-2 wide, and 1 1-4 [illegible]. On one end is a snuff box—on the other, a lid opens and discloses an eight day time piece, which [illegible] striking the hours and quarters, plays a [illegible] tunes. But the most wonderful part [illegible] a picture on the top of the [illegible] a bird ascending from [illegible] inch in length, of plumage the most [illegible] the most natural. It sings with astonishing sweetness, and accompanies its voice with all those motions common to a living bird—its head turns from side to side—its little bill opens and its throat swells at every note, and its wings and tail spread and contract during its song. After finishing and repeating its strain, it drops upon its golden nest, descends to its retreat, and the lid gently closes to its place.
ap 22—tf

FORTUNE ALWAYS TO BE FOUND WHERE! WHERE!! WHERE!!!

At Wemyss' Lucky Lottery Office,
No. 162½ Chesnut street.

ADVENTURERS are invited to call and purchase a Ticket or share in the Brilliant Scheme of the 23d class UNION CANAL LOTTERY, to be drawn on the 26th inst. july 1—tf

CHARLES THUM,
CLOCK & WATCHMAKER,
No. 4, North Sixth Street,
Two doors from Market street, west side.
june 3—6m

A CARD.

DOCTOR ATLEE, Senior, takes this method to inform his *friends*, that notwithstanding the reports even now circulating, of his being about to leave the city, he has no such intention; but is disposed to render his professional services as usual, whenever required. July 1—3t

DYING ESTABLISHMENT.
LEWIS DOSHER,

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public in general, that he continues at his old stand, No. 49 South 7th street, two doors below Arch, where he will be happy to receive orders for Dying and Scouring, such as silks, woollens, sattins, worsteds, cottons, linens, crapes, &c. in all the different colors, according to order or patterns.
N. B. Ladies merino shawls cleaned and pressed.
april 15—6m

THE SUBSCRIBER

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public that he has got his new establishment complete, (on the sea shore, opposite the and four miles from Dennis's Creek, in Cape May, N. J.) for the accommodation of citizens and others, who wish to visit the sea shore for the purpose of sea bathing and the salt air for their health, and also persons who are fond of gunning, fishing, crabbing and the like sports. They will be accommodated with a bar furnished with a good assortment of liquors, and a table well furnished with the best the country can afford, and large chambers with good and convenient rooms with good beds for lodgings, &c.
This place abounds with a variety of fish of the finest quality, fine crabs, terapins, oysters, &c. The subscriber flatters himself that by unremitted attention to those who favor him with their custom, he will merit a share of public patronage. JOHN SMITH.
The Philadelphia and Tuckahoe Stage which starts from Reeves' Ferry, Market street, passes by this establishment twice a week, to Cape May Court House. Shallops are also plying to Dennis's Creek, but four miles from this place, from Green and Coates street. Philadelphia. june 24—2m*

A SINGLE MAN;

OF unquestionable veracity with a small capital, and acquainted with business, will be taken into partnership in a country store, 10 miles from the city, the building is large and commodious, and in a wealthy neighbourhood. For particulars enquire of Benjamin Field, sign of the King of Prussia, Race street, between Second and Third streets, Philadelphia. N. B. Boarding can be obtained with the proprietor. july 1—3t*

REPEATING WATCHES.

THE subscriber has just received a few more of Jappy's Repeating Watches, which he offers for sale at the same price as the last, although their cases are engine turned. Those who applied while the advertiser was without any of the above watches, will find some remuneration for waiting, in the additional beauty which the engine turning gives to the cases of these just received.
Watches of all kinds repaired, and almost every kind for sale. B. F. BAKER Watchmaker,
june 24—6t* No. 202 N. Third street, above Vine.

SAMUEL WALLAS,
No. 265 WILLIAM STREET,
(Near Pearl street,)
Cures Stammering and Stoppage of Speech,
FOR HALF WHAT HAS BEEN CHARGED.
New York, June 24, 1826.

SEA BATHING.

TUCKERTON and Philadelphia Mail Stages will commence running through the route in one day, on the 4th of July next, twice a week, viz.
Leave Tuckerton every Tuesday and Saturday about sunrise and arrive at Camden in time to cross to the city. Returning, leave Browning's Ferry lower side of Market street, every Monday and Thursday morning and arrive at Tuckerton about sunset. Fare through $3. The usual allowance of baggage. For seats apply at Browning's Ferry.
ISAAC JENKINS,
JOHN MULLINER.
The subscribers have got a new and convenient carriage, which will add to the comfort of passengers.
july 1—3t

Sea Bathing—Cape May.
HENRY S. STEEL

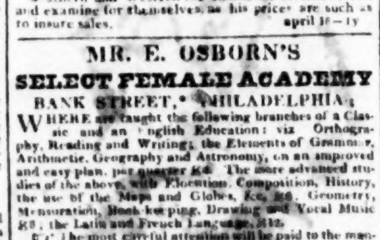
HAS the pleasure to announce to his friends and the public, that he has taken the large house on Cape Island, known by the name of Hughes's, for the accommodation of Boarders, for the summer season, and pledges himself that no exertion shall be spared to promote the comfort of those who may honor him with their company. His Table shall be abundantly supplied from the Philadelphia market, as well as with the rarest and best fish the bay can afford and his Bar stocked with Wines and Liquors, of the most superior quality.
He has also the pleasure to state, that a wharf has recently been erected, at which the steam-boats can come to and land their passengers. These arrangements, as well as the safety and excellence of the surf, the pleasant and highly cultivated state of the Island, and the facility of visiting it by steam-boat conveyance, warrant him to hope for a liberal patronage. june 24—7t

Venitian Window Blinds.

THE subscribers have on hand five hundred pair of Green Venitian Blinds, which will be sold very low for cash, on application to
BARTLESON & HARMER,
march 8—tf S. E. corner of Second and Pine st.

MEAD'S PILLS.

THE length of time these pills have been in use, and the uniform satisfaction they have given in all those deranged conditions of the digestive organs, known by the term Dyspepsia, has established for them the reputation of being, without doubt, the best remedy known for the above complaint. They operate mildly; removing all sourness of the stomach, not merely by neutralizing the acid, but by correcting that morbid state of the secretions which give rise to it; and at the same time that they are giving tone to the whole chylopoetic viscera, or organs of digestion, they will renovate and give new life and vigour to the whole system.
Sold, in New York by Hull & Bowne, 146 Pearl street, who are agents for the patentee, and by C. H. & Co. 221 Broadway. In Philadelphia, by Thatcher & Thompson, and Stephen North, Market street, and by S. Griffiths, Chesnut street. In Baltimore, by William Butler, and C. & D. & S. Auner, Market street, and by most of the Druggists throughout the United States.
june 3—tf



TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS.

J. ELLIOTT offers for sale at No. 123 Market street, third door above Third street, North side, a very extensive assortment of Looking Glasses, Combs, Japan Ware and Fancy Articles, comprising in part, Looking Glasses of all sizes and descriptions, Tortoise Shell Tuck, Long and Side Combs, and a beautiful Article called Spanish Shell Combs, which from the neatness and great resemblance of tortoise shell, claim attention.
Southern and Western Merchants are invited to call and examine for themselves, as his prices are such as to insure sales. april 15—1y

MR. E. OSBORN'S
SELECT FEMALE ACADEMY
BANK STREET,* PHILADELPHIA;

WHERE are taught the following branches of a Classic and an English Education: viz Orthography, Reading and Writing, the Elements of Grammar, Arithmetic, Geography and Astronomy, on an improved and easy plan, per quarter $6. The more advanced studies of the above, with Elocution, Composition, History, the use of the Maps and Globes, &c. $8. Geometry, Mensuration, Book-keeping, Drawing and Vocal Music $8; the Latin and French Languages, $12.
☞ The most careful attention will be paid to the manners and morals of the pupils. After ten years' experience as an instructor, Mr. Osborn hopes that he will give entire satisfaction to those parents and guardians who shall favour him with their patronage. Mr. Osborn has made arrangements with an experienced female to assist him in the duties of his school and teach such other branches as his patrons may desire.
march 25—6m

PHILIP PRICE, Jr.

INFORMS his friends and the public, he has established a Copper Plate Printing Office at No. 71 Market street a few doors [illegible] Second street, and having employed several good workmen will be enabled to execute work in the best manner with despatch, on the lowest terms.
An Apprentice to the above business will be taken.—A lad from the country, about 15 years of age who can be well recommended, will be preferred. ap 1—tf

THE ANTHOLOGY,
OR POETICAL LIBRARY.

PART 1 containing Goldsmith's Traveller, and other Minor pieces, illustrated with a highly finished engraving from a design by Westall.
Part 2 containing [illegible] Schoolmistress, &c. &c. will be published June 1st.
Published by A. B. Pooke, 86 Chesnut street, and P. Thompson, Washington; and sold by all the principal Booksellers in the United States. may 27—tf

THE HIGHLANDS,

A TALE of the Hudson, just published and for sale at the Bookstores of J. G. & C. H. Auner, No. 229 N. Third street, four doors above Callowhill, and J. G. Auner, No. 333 Market street, four doors below Ninth. Also, Woodstock, Tales of the Wild and Wonderful, George Barnwell, Moderation, Spirits of Odin, or the Father's Cure, Dyer's Hymn Tunes. A constant supply of Medical, Miscellaneous and School Books, with a great variety of Stationary, at reduced prices. Bookbinding neatly executed, on the most reasonable terms. july 8—tf

NOVELS AND ROMANCES,

ABOUT Two Hundred volumes.
Plays, in variety, sold in separate numbers.
The Spectator, different editions.
Rollin's Ancient History, and Josephus.
Johnson's and Walker's Dictionaries.
Lempriere's Biographical and Classical Dictionaries.
Nicholson's Encyclopedia. Dobson's do.
Paris's Pharmacologia.
Hooper's Medical Dictionary.
Watts' Flavel, Newton and Toplady's works.
Hume and Smollett's History of England.
Gillies' History of Greece.
The Commentaries of Gill, Scott and Doddridge.
Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.
Cook's Homer, Cowper's do.
Graeca Majora and Minora, and an assortment of School Books.
Family and other editions of the Bible, also, London copies printed on fine velum paper.
And a variety of other Miscellanies, at the

BOOK-SHOP, 121 S. 5th,
july 8—1t

PUBLIC SALES AT AUCTION.
No. 73 Market street, a few doors above Second.

PACKAGE SALE OF DOMESTIC GOODS.
Comly & Tevis, in conformity of the resolution of the Manufacturers, will sell,
On Saturday morning, 29th of July,
About 300 packages, comprising all the varieties of goods manufactured in the vicinity of Philadelphia, with a general assortment of Eastern made goods.

PACKAGE SALE.
On Wednesday morning, the 2d of August next, at 10 o'clock, for approved notes at 6 months,
200 packages fresh imported British Dry Goods. Also 100 packages assorted Canton Silks. Particulars will be found in Catalogues which will be delivered one day previous to the sale, when the goods will be arranged for examination, at the warehouse of Stephen Girard, Esq. No. 29 North Water street. Purchasers are assured every package in the catalogue will be sold without reserve.
COMLY & TEVIS, *Auctioneers.*

FARE REDUCED TO $3.
THROUGH IN ELEVEN HOURS
To New York,
Via Bordentown and Washington,
TWENTY FOUR MILES LAND CARRIAGE.
The Steam-Boat PENNSYLVANIA,
CAPTAIN Z. W. KELLUM,
Will leave the first Wharf above Market street, every morning (Sundays excepted), at SIX o'clock, A.M. for Bordentown—passengers will then take the Citizen's Line of Coaches, 24 miles to Washington, N. J. there take the Steam boat ETNA, Captain S. C. Sutton, and arrive in New-York by five o'clock the same day.

FARE THROUGH $3.
The Boats have been completely fitted up, and an additional number of superior new Coaches added to the Line. The roads are in fine order, and every attention will be paid to accommodate the public, and merit a share of their patronage. For seats, apply at No 13 Market-street, or of the Captain, on board the Boat, at Market street Wharf. All baggage at the risque of the owners. LYON, WARD & Co.
Philadelphia, July 8, 1826. *Proprietors.*

For Sale at this Office,
THE "BEREAN," Vol. I. Price $1 00 in Boards.
N. B. The Subscription price is two dollars a Volume.
Also, a large Fount of Brevier GREEK, which will be sold in lots to suit purchasers. dec 17—tf

Straw Bonnet Manufactory.
MRS. E. HENLEY,
No. 4 NORTH SECOND STREET,
CONTINUES to Manufacture Straw and Gimp cottage Bonnets of fashionable patterns. She has on hand
Straw and Gimp Cottage Bonnets.
Leghorn Flats and Crowns.
Do Bolivar Hats.
Mens' and Boys' Leghorn, Sea Grass and Manilla Hats.
Pink, Blue, White and Black Sattins.
Do do do Mantuas
Do do fig'd Gros de Naples
Gauze, Garniture, and other fancy Ribbons.
Plain Sattin and Mantua Ribbons, from No. 2 to 22.
Piping Cords and a great variety of Millinery trimmings.
Straw plat by the single yard or larger quantity. Chaa Gimps.
Also, fine English Straw Flats.
N. B. Country Merchants supplied on liberal terms.
june 10—tf

2D HAND PRINTING PRESS.
FOR sale cheap, a second hand Ramage Press, super royal size, in good order. Apply to J. HOWE,
june 10—tf Corner of Crown and Callowhill sts.

CANARY, MOCKING & RED ☞ BIRDS. ☜
A LARGE collection of Canary, Mocking and Red BIRDS, for sale at No. 173 Cherry st. the first house above 8th st. Also, a large collection of Fancy Pidgeons.—fe 4 1y

CHEAP PAPER WAREHOUSE.
SAMUEL EKSTEIN offers for sale, at his New Paper warehouse No. 06 North Third street,
500 Gross, Blue and White Bonnet Boards,
100 do. fine White do. do.
200 Reams Hardware Paper.
800 do. Crown and Medium Wrapping Paper,
150 do. Music Paper.
1300 do. Medium Printing, of different kinds.
750 do. Cap Writing Paper, No. 1, 2, and 3.
Quarto Post, No. 1, 2 and 3.
Large writing paper, of all sorts, &c.
*** The highest price given for rags. aug 13—tf

Twenty Dollars Reward.
STRAYED or STOLEN, from the pasture of Mr. Trimble below the rope Ferry, on the Lazaretto Road, on the night of the 20th inst. Two Horses, one a dark Bay, above 16 hands high, a star on his face, feet black, lame in the off fore foot, sore back and shoulders occasioned by Harness.
The other, a Light Bay horse, also above 16 hands high, two hind feet and one fore foot white, dark mane and long black tail, black stripe down his back.
The dark Bay 9 and the light Bay 6 years old.
Twenty Dollars will be given for the apprehension of the thief and horses, or ten dollars for the horses alone, with all reasonable expenses. JOHN FAUL.
No. 272 Shippen Street, Philadelphia. July 1—3t

WANTED.
IMMEDIATELY, three or four first rate Venitian Blind Makers; to such persons will be given constant employment and liberal wages, on application to
BARTLESON & HARMER,
april 8—tf S. E. corner of Pine and Second sts.

PROPOSALS BY M. T. C. GOULD,
For publishing the Sermons of
Thomas Wetherald and Elias Hicks,
Delivered at the Yearly Meeting of Friends, in the City of New York, May, 1826. Together with Sermons delivered at Philadelphia, by Thomas Wetherald, in his way to (and from) the Yearly Meeting.
THIS Work will be neatly printed in Octavo form, and upon good paper; it will contain not less than six, nor more than ten sermons, averaging about 30 pages; and shall be delivered to subscribers at 10 cents a Sermon. It will be put to press as soon as the subscriptions shall be equal to the expenses, but not before.
Any person who becomes accountable for five copies shall be entitled to a sixth, or the value thereof in cash, immediately after publication; and in like proportion for any greater number.
Should the subscriptions be returned to [illegible] in Philadelphia, by the 20th of June, the work will be delivered to subscribers in the course of the [illegible] agents appointed in New York, Philadelphia, [illegible] Washington, &c. &c. the particulars of which will be stated in the newspapers, at a proper time.
☞ Persons friendly to the object proposed, are particularly requested to use their exertions for its circulation, as it is to their liberality alone, that the reporter looks for renumeration, after the actual expense of publication is defrayed. june 10—tf

LIST OF AGENTS
OF THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The gentlemen whose names are attached hereto, have kindly volunteered to transact the business of this establishment at the respective places where they reside. We request that all dues for the paper be paid over to them, and persons wishing to subscribe to it will find a ready means of conveying their wishes to the publishers through them.

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